

Contemporary Review

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No. 1103 NOVEMBER 1957

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CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

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CAN INFLATION BE STOPPED?

INFLATION has been well described as "too much money seeking too few goods." But it is not quite as simple as this sounds. In particular "money" means more than coins and bank notes, and "goods" includes more than material wealth. In Britain we are producing, with our existing equipment, raw materials and man power, a quantity of material things and rendering a number of services. Out of this gross output we have to meet five essential requirements. We have to replace our industrial equipment as it wears out. We have to export enough produce to pay for necessary imports of raw materials and foodstuffs. We have to fulfil the requirements of defence and of all the other national and local commitments. We have to provide for our people their existing standard of life. We have to supply to nations within and without the Commonwealth such capital as we have promised to them. But unless we are to stagnate we must do much more. We ought to be constantly extending and improving our industrial equipment. We need an increasing flow of imports from overseas. We want a rising standard of life. We are being constantly called upon by our colonies and by other countries to provide more capital than we have promised to them.

The question is to what extent can we do all this. By all means let us exert ourselves to the full, using all our energies to the best advantage. But there is a maximum which our output even with full employment cannot surpass. If we put the target of our requirements too high, and if we imagine that we shall reach it by creating money tokens (including bank advances and other forms of credit), the result is simply inflation. In other words we must cut our coat according to our cloth. When a private individual is faced with a similar predicament he will, if he is wise, sit down and examine his position. How much does his expenditure exceed his income and how can the gap be filled? He will try first to increase his income. But in so far as this is impossible or inadequate he will have to decide which part of his expenditure is least necessary and then proceed to cut it out or reduce it. In the case of a national inflation the country ought to act in the same way. But the country consists of a number of different people including the Government, local authorities, employers great and small, and the man and woman in the street. How should they co-operate to bring about the desired solution of the problem?

First, can we increase our income, that is to say can we produce a greater annual output? To some extent we are doing this already. Nearly every year since the war production has increased. But it could go up faster if both sides of industry were to work together to get rid of archaic restrictive practices. Many of these arose originally as a protection against unemployment. They are no longer required in these days when employment is full. Those who talk glibly of the value of some unemployment as a means of bringing the workers to heel are therefore doing an ill-service. Another means of increasing output is the installation of more and better industrial equipment. The retention of the full programme for doing this should therefore have high priority when cuts are being made in less necessary expenditure.

I turn now to the other side of the account. In the nineteenth century the wealth of the country was rapidly increased by the private savings of individuals. The so-called working classes were in general far too poor to

contribute much to this. But the middle and wealthy classes considered it their duty to set aside a substantial part of their income for investment. Now that wealth is more evenly distributed there is a large amount of money in the hands of all classes which is at present being frittered away on quite unnecessary things. I regard it therefore as of great value that the President of the British Employers Confederation and the Chairman of the General Council of the T.U.C. have issued a joint statement urging men and women to save and invest a larger part of their income.

One hears much talk today in certain quarters about the irresponsibility of the Trade Union leaders in pressing the claims of their members to increased wages. If only they would not do so, it is said, there would be no inflation. Of course it is true that if all sections of society were to abate their claims—rentiers, shareholders, landlords, owners of businesses, white-collared and other workers—the risk of inflation would be greatly reduced (though it might still come about if too rapid expansion was aimed at). But in the free-for-all economy which it is the claim of the present Government to have introduced it is utterly unreasonable to expect one section—that covered by the Trade Unions—not to exercise some of the power which they possess to get what they consider a fair share of the national income. If greater restraint is to be shown by the workers it must be required equally from all the other sections of the community.

What now of the Government? They are directly responsible for the national taxation and expenditure and indirectly for most of the expenditure of the local authorities. They have virtual control of the equipment programme of the nationalized basic industries. They can influence the decisions of the Capital Issues Committee. They can settle what is to be the Bank Rate. How far has our Government used these powers with wisdom and discretion? There are many people (economists and others) in all political parties who consider that they have not done so. I share this view. To begin with they have not pursued a consistent policy. They have blown hot and cold sometimes even at the same moment. They have talked big about the dangers of inflation and simultaneously reduced the income tax and encouraged the ITV to entice viewers to spend money on a vast scale. They have induced industrialists by special concessions in taxation to embark on large plans for new equipment and very shortly afterwards they have withdrawn these concessions. They have sanctioned extensive developments for the basic industries only to cut the programmes down a few months later.

The principal charge against them is that they have pinned their faith almost exclusively on a high Bank Rate to curb inflation culminating in the recent sensational rise to seven per cent. No one denies that in the nineteenth century changes in Bank Rate were effective. But many things have altered since then. Today reliance on this rusty old weapon seems almost as foolish as trying to fight a modern war with flintlock guns. How did a high Bank Rate work in days gone by? It cost more for industrialists to run an overdraft and it forced less efficient firms into bankruptcy. It made it more expensive to install new plant and machinery. It created unemployment and thereby checked claims for wage increase. It gave encouragement to private individuals to save. All these results were disinflationary. Therefore it achieved its object even if it created havoc as a result. Today with a huge floating debt and much of industry in a monopolistic condition it is doubtful whether it can produce any of these results and even if it were

to do so whether they would be really welcome. Overdrafts can still be obtained by industrialists and the added cost passed on to the consumer by an increase in prices. Moreover if the national economy is to progress and if the nation is to work to capacity, new equipment must be installed and full employment must be maintained. In any case the cost to the nation of a high Bank Rate is very heavy. When it is seven per cent the interest on the national debt has gone up by no less than £500 millions a year. All this extra expense has to be paid by our taxpayers and a great part of it goes into the pockets of foreigners. At the same time many of our own people who are not responsible in any way for inflation are subjected to grievous hardship.

The Government have never told the nation what is their estimate of the size of the inflationary gap (some economists do not believe that it exists at all today). If they were to do so the people might be able to help them close it. They have never given a lead to industrialists (great and small) as to what they would like them to do about expansion of their equipment. If they gave them advice and it were not followed they have powers in the background to bring pressure on recalcitrants. They have never succeeded in enlisting the combined support of capital and labour in a policy of maximum production and fair shares in distribution. They have never carried the bulk of the people with them in the justice of their taxation policy. Inflation cannot be stopped by any one measure alone—certainly not by indiscriminating rises in Bank Rate. The whole of Government policy and activity is involved, and the public must be made to realize both the urgency of the problem and the wisdom and justice of the means to solve it.

PETHICK-LAWRENCE.

FORTY YEARS OF BOLSHEVISM

ON Thursday, November 7 (October 25 of the old Russian calendar), it will be 40 years since the military *coup d'état*, organized by the Bolshevik-dominated Petrograd Soviet, resulted in the overthrow of Kerensky's tottering democratic Provisional Government. Nobody, and least of all the Bolsheviks themselves, could have foreseen in those nightmarish November days of 1917 that in November 1957 the Soviets would still be there. Like the Government of Switzerland, the Soviet Government has never been changed *in toto*, only individual members being replaced from time to time through resignation or death—which, in Soviet Russia, has usually been called "liquidation." Until recently this meant death, of course, but now Mr. Khrushchev prefers to give his political enemies and rivals minor technical jobs far away from the centre of things. Whether in the long run they will meet with assassination, like Trotsky, remains to be seen.

This longevity of the Soviets is certainly an achievement, though on quite a different score than the fathers of the Communist revolution had expected or hoped for. Lenin certainly did not anticipate it. On the night before the uprising he wrote to the Central Committee of the Communist Party: "The position is extremely critical. It is clearer than clear that now indeed any delay in the rising means death. With all my force I am pressing on the comrades that everything hangs by a hair, that the problems facing us are not determined by conferences (even conferences of Soviets) . . . but by the

struggle of the armed masses." Soon afterwards he wistfully remarked that "the most surprising thing is that nobody yet has kicked us out." He also admitted that if the capitalists only had one ounce of solidarity the Soviet Government could not last five minutes. Trotsky, who in those early years was the acknowledged military and political driving force of the revolution—second in importance only to Lenin himself—defiantly talked about "banging the door" before the Soviets were obliged to quit. And to those who, like myself, were eye-witnesses of the horrors of those days, it is certainly something of a miracle that the Soviet Government should have survived to the present, and that the hungry, disorganized, embittered, and exhausted masses of 1917 should, over these 40 years, become the disciplined, hard-working, and at least outwardly contented nation that Soviet Russia is today.

In 1917 not merely the State but the nation itself had become completely decomposed. The army and the navy had ceased to exist and had turned into gangs of revolutionary rabble, not even acknowledging the authority of their own Soviets; the peasants were engaged in that "black partition" of the land which defied all orderly land reform; the industrial proletariat was uncontrollable; the former intelligentsia and the upper classes were being rapidly destroyed or driven into exile. Looking back on the road Russia has travelled since 1917, it must be acknowledged as a truly great achievement that in these 40 years the Soviets have managed to turn her into one of the strongest countries in the world—stronger in many respects than she has ever been before. And that, on the very eve of their jubilee, the Soviets should have been able to launch their satellite, thus proving to the world that, in this respect at least, they have the necessary technical know-how which is equal to, or even surpasses, that of the U.S.A. But all this has been performed along lines wholly different from those anticipated either by the early Bolsheviks themselves or by their opponents. Not even under Ivan the Terrible (whom incidentally, Soviet historians in Stalin's day had to represent as "a great social reformer") has Russia ever known anything approaching the terrorist machine established by the Bolsheviks from the very inception of their régime and used without respite and with diabolical thoroughness to the present day. If there is a measure of truth in the old adage that the Tsarist régime was an autocracy tempered by assassination, from 1917 onwards Soviet Russia has been an autocracy not tempered by assassination but largely based on it. In the course of these 40 years the revolution has devoured not only all its fathers, with a few rather unimportant exceptions, but also the majority of its most prominent children. Also, both the personnel and the methods of government have undergone many changes and adjustments. Yet it is undeniable that in certain fundamentals the system has remained the same from the start and that the aims of the Communist revolution have never changed.

Despite the billions spent on propaganda, the enthusiastic assistance of sincere, if misguided, believers in Communism, or the multifarious services of hirelings who constitute a Bolshevik fifth column operating on an international scale, the world has steadfastly refused to embrace Communism. Wherever the Communists have seized power it has been through armed intervention, not through the popular vote. Thus the dream of world revolution has proved a delusion—at least until the present phase of the postwar crisis the outcome of which no one can foretell. But if Moscow

has failed in setting the world ablaze, the impact of Bolshevism on the rest of the world has been a truly stupendous one, and it manifests itself in almost every aspect of our life. Politics, economics, art, social relations, diplomacy, modern warfare, and, of course, international affairs have been influenced by Moscow throughout these 40 years in a way that simply cannot be measured. Our very vocabulary is full of Soviet words and phrases like: "five-year plan," "purges," "kulaks," "Stakhanovites," "scorched earth," "fellow-travellers," "deviationists," "politbureau," "concentration camps," "liquidation" of "wreckers," "spies," "diversionists," or just "scum" and "bandits," not forgetting, of course, the "switches" and "readjustments" of policy. These and many similar instances of the Bolshevik jargon have now acquired international status.

The free world has changed its mind and its feelings about Soviet Russia at regular intervals, and can claim no continuity of policy either of a hostile or a friendly brand. Not only in the early days of the Bolshevik revolution, but even when terrorism could no longer be denied, Bolshevism was welcomed and indeed morally supported by most of the workers' organizations throughout the free world. To its eternal honour, the American Federation of Labour was the outstanding exception in this respect. From the outset it recognized in the Bolshevik system, not a "dictatorship of the proletariat," but the most vile, brutal and terroristic dictatorship over the very masses in whose name the Soviets claimed to be acting—the cynical and shameless betrayal of the working class, a mortal threat to freedom and liberal progress. As to the Western intellectuals, for well over two decades—and in certain circles up to the events in Hungary—not only the Socialists but even the Liberals and many Conservatives throughout the world chose to delude themselves into believing that, despite "certain excesses" (which were always played down or indignantly denied), the Soviets were in some way progressive or champions of freedom and the working classes. The radical intelligentsia of the Western world has been particularly naive or obstinate in this blind belief, and far too long it has affected to treat the totalitarian Soviet dictatorship as a kind of slightly naughty "honorary democracy." Indeed, people who would be the first to make a terrific fuss if a cat or a dog happened to be ill-treated in their own country, chose to close their eyes to a régime of nonstop murder and atrocities on a scale unprecedented in human history. Many nations and, chief of all, the Germans—under the Kaiser, the Weimar Republic and, finally, under Hitler—managed to combine a pose of anti-Bolshevism with a policy of economic support and of extremely close military and diplomatic collaboration with Moscow. Far from being a bulwark against Bolshevism, Hitler did a great deal of sinister business with the Soviets from the day of his accession to power in 1933 to the moment of his sudden aggression on them in June 1941.

With the exception of those incurables who, despite everything, will always claim that Moscow is right in everything it does, plus, of course, the satellites and some of the so-called non-committed countries—which look to the Soviet as the fount of all wisdom, power and money—the world has little by little become exasperated with the Bolsheviks. The feelings of hatred and suspicion have taken a long time to crystallize, but it has become clear by now that individual incidents and quarrels are of little importance, and that what is at issue is the much wider problem of Soviet

Russia's relations with the whole non-Soviet world. Once upon a time pacifists and internationalists, the Soviets are now recognized as the greatest military force in the world and as the most pernicious sponsors of local nationalism which they use and control with consummate adroitness. The present tension in the Near and Middle East is a typical illustration of this, but by no means the only one.

The West has answered Soviet aggressiveness with the Marshall Plan, the Truman Doctrine, NATO, and the various other measures that the free world has been constrained to take in self-defence. It is not likely that the USA would have so soon completely reversed its policy towards Western Germany and, after abolishing all controls, set to make the Germans strong again, if Stalin's war in Korea had not frightened Washington into action. There would have been no scope for McCarthy, the mass hysteria of McCarthyism, or other forms of witch-hunts in the USA, if the nation had not suddenly become—rather belatedly—aware of the Communist menace. In this respect alone the impact of 40 years of Bolshevism on the Western world is incalculable, while the effects of the cold war on both the politics and the economics of the free world directly affect every citizen in his daily life. While the spread of the Bolshevik revolutionary idea had been a failure, the mere existence of the Soviets after these dramatic 40 years constitutes the greatest threat to civilized mankind. Again, while the Bolsheviks have failed to give the people of Russia freedom, a high standard of living, and a "classless society"—the scale on which they have ranks and titles, privileges, uniforms, and decorations now, is quite ridiculous—they have starved themselves into military power and technical progress. It may well be asked whether a nation as virile, as talented and dramatic would not have moved forwards under any régime. Surely the Russians would have had to pay a much smaller price in personal freedom, sacrifice of material well-being, and loss of all-round happiness, if they had been allowed to develop under a democratic instead of a dictatorial system. In every way today the Soviets stand for the very opposite of what they set out to achieve, and the revolutionaries of 40 years ago have produced the most reactionary régime of our age.

GEORGE SOLOVEYITCHIK.

LIBERALS AT SOUTHPORT

WERE I asked to analyze the underlying reasons for the current mood of restrained and robust optimism among British Liberals, I would state four. Gloucester and Edinburgh are tonic and bracing, but Carmarthen and its implications are not forgotten. The first factor is the re-emergence, as a major electoral factor, of the personality and quality of the candidate. This new feature dates from the Liberal performance in the Inverness-shire and Torquay by-elections of December, 1954, and December, 1955. In the General Election of May, 1955, Welsh Nationalist polls and the improved predicament of such Labour members as Alderman Edwin Gooch in North Norfolk and Mr. Geoffrey de Freitas in Lincoln likewise served to illustrate this tendency. The Edinburgh and Gloucester achievements of Mr. William Douglas-Home and Lieut.-Colonel Patrick Lort-Phillips strikingly confirm and reinforce the trend. They rebut the doctrine of the Nuffield College psephologists of 1950 and 1951 that personality counts for no more than four or five hundred votes. (Moreover, is

not personality the very kernel of the Millite Liberal doctrine?) The second is a new preoccupation among younger electors with the concept of liberty. What a contrast with the mood of 1945! Then, after six years of total war against totalitarianism, the quest of security dominated the scene. Today the people, and more particularly the young women setting up home and starting a family, know that inflation reduces security to a will-o'-the-wisp. Thirdly there is the more negative approach, "a plague on both your houses," an advancing realization that the Tory and Labour mansions—and machines—have so much in common: hence a disposition to take reasonable sporting chances with the Liberal alternative. The fourth factor is a far deeper one. It is the increasing power of Liberalism in the world of ideas. The dogmas of Fabianism, the *New Statesman*, the Left Book Club and the Laski school do not rule the political roost virtually unchallenged as they did in my undergraduate days 20 years ago. Today, they are confronted with Röpke, Robbins, Rappard, Hayek, Lippmann, Hutt, Benham, Condliffe, Hamson, Carleton Allen and the rest. Beside Liberalism are the New Benthamites of the twentieth century. They are here to stay. A parallel tendency is the inclination of publishers to experiment with more "Liberal" books of varying types: *The Unserving State: Essays in Liberty and Welfare* is a good example.

Against such a background it came as no surprise that the keynote of the Presidential Address by Dr. Nathaniel Micklem at the Liberal Party's September Assembly at Southport should be "an articulated philosophy of freedom and moral seriousness." It was the best of the post-Second World War Assemblies. It attracted a larger volume of press publicity than any since the old National Liberal Federation Conferences during the unhappy Parliament of 1929-1931. Its tone was strangely quiet, sometimes subdued, but brisk and workmanlike, as if delegates were aching for the constituency battlefield—Ipswich and beyond. Its managerial success was largely attributable to Miss Deborah Allaway, who combines the headquarters portfolios of Assembly Secretary and Financial Secretary, and gives no external evidence of having completed 41 years of Party service. There was no new policy. Members of the National League of Young Liberals sometimes bemoaned vagueness, lack of inspiration and downright "waffle." The Agenda Committee was determined, however, to resist the temptation to draft blueprints for Acts of Parliament. The Press, notably *The Observer* and *The Sunday Times*, has remarked fairly enough on the consensus of doctrinal agreement which has emerged within the age-group represented, at one end, by 31-year-old Miss Manuela Sykes, and, at the other, by 44-year-old Mr. Grimond. Your contributor, whose vintage is 1918, would, however, record that the honours of the Thursday fell to the 69-year-old Congregationalist divine and college Principal who now presides, with a deceptive gentleness and with a penchant for the precise word, over the destinies of the Party organization. In the morning Dr. Micklem delivered the Presidential Address—the best for years; in the evening he gave the sermon, choosing a famous text from Jeremiah, Chapter 22; and, not to be outdone, his publishers enterprisingly timed the advent of his new book on *The Idea of Liberal Democracy* for the same day. Urging honest book-keeping, an honest Budget, Free Trade and a radical policy of freedom and reform, Dr. Micklem proclaimed: "Free Trade pre-supposes the mobility of labour, and the mobility of labour pre-supposes occasional and temporary un-

employment. Liberals believe wholeheartedly in full employment, in full productive employment, but not in the spurious full employment or, as they sometimes call it, the over-full employment that we have today. There is no full productive employment when unnecessary jobs are being made for men in Covent Garden or anywhere else, or when workers needed for our international trade waste their time and the nation's money on producing goods we could import more cheaply from abroad." "... Do you not feel shame," he asked, "every time you read upon a pound note that in exchange for this the Bank of England will give you a pound sterling? It means nothing at all. ... The only sufficient restraint upon governments is an inviolable rule that the money in circulation shall be exchangeable on demand for gold or some other commodity of relatively stable worth. We cannot achieve that at once: the first step towards it is a currency that is stable, convertible and free. ... This is a question of honesty and courage, not ultimately of economics."

These sentences, together with a demand for policies to abolish the proletariat and a plea for support for Lord Rea's Liberties Bill and its charter of nine reforms, formed part of the rejoinder—if rejoinder were needed—to some rather silly and adolescent remarks, earlier in the week, by Lord Hailsham who had affected ignorance of Liberal policy. There were other answers and they came fast and furious. First, there was the Executive Resolution on the burden of taxation, moved by Mr. Paul Bureau, who ranged himself with an attractive gusto beside an American Senator against inflation, against deflation, but for flatation. This Resolution demanded full restoration of a liberal competitive economy ("which, alone, can save the welfare society"), reduction in taxation with radical changes in the structure of income tax and profits tax, removal of tax obstacles, organized voluntary saving for industrial purposes, and an enquiry into Government waste. Secondly, there was the accompanying Executive Resolution, proposed by Mr. Norman Gillett, in a trim speech reminiscent of Gloucester and North Dorset electioneering, urging immediate action by progressively reducing purchase tax and protective duties, abolishing import quotas, taking more effective measures against price-rings and monopolies, and abolishing "those practices by trade unions, employers and others which restrict output." There were, too, the Executive Resolutions, moved by Mr. Arthur Holt, M.P., on "Liberty and Opportunity" (theme of a challenging new pamphlet by two lively young sparks among the candidates, Mr. Timothy Joyce and Mr. Frank Ware), and on "The Commonwealth" by Mr. Richard Moore, prospective candidate for Tavistock. What of the London Liberal Party's two reports on the problems of the over-40s and Mr. Roy Bainbridge's Cleveland Amendment to encourage physically fit members of the older generation to remain at work after normal retiring age? What of Mr. Philip Fothergill's Continent-by-Continent appraisal of our world predicament with its exposition of the Liberal approach to the problems of Pan-Europa, Atlantica, the United Nations, the International Court of Justice? And what of the Skipton and Torrington Resolutions on "Administrative Tribunals and Inquiries" and "Civil Liberties: Acquisition of Land and Property," or the High Peak Resolution for a Commonwealth Standing Council for all matters of foreign policy which concern the Commonwealth as a whole? Here, surely, was a wealth of policy, a glut, not a shortage, far more than enough for Lord Hailsham and others of like kidney. But,

perhaps, to the newcomer, as well as to the cynic, the most striking instance of typically Liberal attitudes would be the full-dress debate on the Southgate Resolution, "Victimization of the Individual," a general debate on acceptance or rejection without submission of amendments. Here Miss Heather Harvey and Sir Andrew McFadyean were the brightest constellations in a galaxy of talent, duly marshalled for the occasion. This procedure—a "Second Reading" debate on a major principle—should not be used sparingly.

"Sensation" is a noun which Fleet Street dearly loves, but there is no hyperbole in the comment that Mr. Grimond's Saturday oration caused a sensation among observers—both Embassy representatives and newspapermen normally either unsympathetic or hostile. It was the first anniversary of his assumption of the mantle of Mr. Clement Davies. He was in his best form, demonstrating his quality and the continuous growth of his stature. He combines gaiety with a slight air of academic, slightly Balfour-like, detachment. In a rather different way Viscount Samuel has this latter quality; so too have Sir Andrew McFadyean and, among younger Liberals, Mr. Derick Mirfin; and to say so is not to imply that they cannot also be fiercely partisan. The contrary is the case. Mr. Grimond fired broadside after broadside. "We cannot provide you with Lords President as propaganda chiefs. With us it is every man his own Hailsham. We have a tough road ahead and no Messiah to lead us." This was interpreted as one for Mr. Neville Penry Thomas and the *Evening Standard*. Then came a stricture which drew hearty applause: "How sad that the Tories should think it more important to have one of their ablest men at the head of their propaganda machine rather than at the Ministry of Education!" He criticised some Liberals who had opted for "a ride on the Tory tiger," gently but firmly rebuked others who urged concentration on three or four major distinctive issues and let everything else go hang, suggested that just being different was not enough, and explicitly replied, in two majestic sentences, to those who conceived Liberalism as an advisory brains trust: "I am not prepared to lead a party of eunuchs. I am not prepared to lead a Party which has forsworn direct political action." His shrewd analysis of the Tory's "make-up" threw into relief the difference between the Tory and the Liberal mind. "If you want to enthuse the office-holders of Conservatism, demand the reintroduction of the death penalty and flogging; demand protection and restriction; attack the unions at home and damn the foreigner abroad. Be sure in particular to aim some shafts at the United Nations, the Americans, and Mr. Nehru. These are the themes which inspire real enthusiasm not among all the Tory rank and file but among the Tory machine-minders." Mr. Grimond next distinguished between the ablest of Tory writers and the hard core, asked who was to pay for further experiments by Socialist intellectuals, wholesomely reminded the Assembly that the Gloucester result had provoked threats at Bolton West and Huddersfield West, and wound up with a full-scale attack on political complacency. "We aim," he roundly declared, "to split political complacency, and if necessary we shall split the vote if in doing so we can unite the nation. We aim to break into politics because we believe we have something to say and do." With some qualification, *The Times*, in its first leader of September 23, was to pronounce this a fair enough aim. The Liberals, proclaimed Mr. Grimond in a tumultuous climax to what Mr. Robert Carvel of *The*

Star hailed as "the political speech of the year . . . a hard-hitting speech of Party reappraisal," "have reached the point of no return. In the next ten years it is a question of get on or get out. Let us make it get on." It was strong meat, and the Assembly loved it. Within 40 minutes the debonair Mr. Jeremy Thorpe, prospective candidate for North Devon, had secured £11,884—more than double the £5,099 raised at the Folkestone Assembly of 1956. (Among the donors was the Hon. Mrs. Sybil Whitamore, who had said that she would contribute either £5 or £500, depending on how she slept and how Mr. Grimond spoke. She gave £500.) For had not Mr. Grimond fittingly opined: "To say that we may fail is to discover nothing new. What is new—what is interesting—is that we may succeed"? Here is the appropriate note on which to take our leave of Southport, 1957.

DERYCK ABEL

DR. ADENAUER'S THIRD TERM

THE result of the Bundestag election was even more dramatic than in 1953. With every further year of Dr. Adenauer's Chancellorship, with every further year of his life, his achievement becomes even more remarkable and unique. He is in his eighty-second year and shows no sign of declining shrewdness or vigour. The normal limitations of old age do not seem to apply and retirement is a meaningless term for him. Responsibility and hard work are not a strain but a source of strength. As in 1953, the triumph of the Christian Democrats is largely a personal triumph of the Chancellor. The victory is even more complete than last time. For the first time in German parliamentary history one party received an absolute majority—if only a narrow one—of all the votes cast. This secured the Christian Democrats, with the help of the votes lost by unsuccessful parties, a working majority in the Bundestag independent of any other group. The Federal Republic is moving towards a two-party system, for the electorate decided overwhelmingly for the two large parties and against the smaller ones of whatever complexion. The Social Democrats failed in their main objective of preventing an absolute majority on the part of the Christian Democrats, but they could register an important, if largely negative, success. They attained a third of the seats in the Bundestag which they just missed in 1953. This means that if the government wants to amend the Basic Law they must secure their co-operation. Even in the last Bundestag the Social Democrats helped to secure the defence amendments necessary for the build-up of the Bundeswehr. Perhaps it is not a bad thing that there is a limit to the power of the government.

Only four parties are represented in the new Bundestag, one less than in the last. To be represented, parties must secure either three direct seats or gain five per cent of the total votes polled in the Federal Republic. Of the smaller parties, the conservative German Party would have been excluded, had it not succeeded in obtaining direct constituency representation by means of an electoral alliance with its major coalition partner, the Christian Democrats. As a result it has become even more of a satellite than before. On the whole, the German Party failed to gain much strength from the accession of the Free Democrat dissidents like the Vice-Chancellor for the last eight years, Blücher. The Free Democrats themselves averted the disaster which their split threatened and kept their losses within manageable proportions. Their survival is due to the Suabian shrewdness of their

new leader, Reinhold Maier, and to the organising talent of their electoral manager Döring, one of the "Young Men" from Düsseldorf. The elector did not give the Free Democrats any strong backing because he did not know which of the major parties he would be putting into power by a vote for them. As it is, the Free Democrat representation can hardly have any influence on the new government, for it is not sufficiently strong to turn the scale either way. The Refugee Party failed to get into the new Bundestag. It polled just under five per cent and paid the penalty for spurning an electoral alliance to obtain constituency representation. The low ebb in the party's fortunes is an indication of the extent to which the refugees have been assimilated in Western Germany. A curious alliance of two Catholic groups, the Bavarian party and the left-wing "Zentrum" which appeared under the name of Federal Union also failed. The Communist Party did not participate in the election, as it has been banned by the Supreme Federal Court. It would be interesting to know how many Communist votes went to the Social Democrats, thus enabling them to obtain a third of the membership of the Bundestag. If they turned the scale, this would be an ironical consequence of a prohibition for which the initiative came from the government. The Communists were unrepresented in the last Bundestag even before they were banned. Right-wing radicals failed completely.

The voter showed clearly that he did not want to have the parliamentary system vitiated by splinter parties as had happened under the Weimar Republic, and that he did not favour extreme right-wing or neo-Nazi tendencies. He overwhelmingly backed the "Big Two." What opinions did he want to register by his vote for them? A vote for the Christian Democrats was primarily a vote for Adenauer, for the continuance of a policy of co-operation with the West and of prosperity at home. In foreign policy, which has been the Chancellor's strength, he rejected the rather dubious plans of the Social Democrats to bring new life into the question of German reunification. Membership of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and of West European Union will remain a keystone of German foreign policy. The Bundeswehr will be built up according to plan, even if the plans are no longer as ambitious as they were. There will be no experiments with the Communist countries. At the same time the election has generated a demand for a less rigid policy in Europe and an attempt will be made to open doors in the East, for instance in Poland, which have remained closed so far. There is a scheme for omitting any reference to the Oder-Neisse line from discussions with Poland in order to facilitate them. Many people want more trade with the East. It is doubtful, however, whether much will be achieved in obtaining concessions from the Soviet Union, for instance over the repatriation of people claimed as Germans by the Federal Government.

The government's strongest asset at the election was the tremendous prosperity achieved, popularly linked with Professor Erhard even more than with the Chancellor. Professor Erhard is certain to play a vital part in the new government, second only to the Chancellor himself. He is perhaps the only member of the government except Dr. Adenauer with a strong positive national reputation. It would be too much to say that he is really popular, for he is a fighter who does not seek to conciliate but to impress. He makes no attempt to disguise his fury when anybody crosses

his path. His main problem at present is to hold prices down. Anybody who endangers this objective, as the owners of the coal-mines did recently, becomes his enemy. He has not so far developed the art at which the Chancellor excels, to manipulate quietly. The third member of the successful trio who restored the position in Western Germany during the last eight years, Schäffer, is under a cloud. His parsimony and lack of generosity, his constant haggling over comparatively small concessions, have made him disliked in many quarters. There is a feeling that a less niggardly and more liberal policy would be more appropriate to Germany's wealth, and that Schäffer may not be the man to carry out the programme required in the changed situation. It should, however, be recalled that he put the currency on a sound basis in the early years of the Federal Republic.

It is sometimes forgotten that the Christian Democrat party does not cover the whole of the Federal Republic, but that its lead in the country is dependent on maintaining its hold over its autonomous ally in Bavaria, the Christian Social Union. This party is the successor of the Bavarian People's Party of the pre-Nazi era. So far there has not been any serious difference of opinion between the two groups in the government, but this may be due to the Chancellor's strong leadership. Once Dr. Adenauer is no longer there, the leader of the Bavarian group, Strauss, may well play a bigger part. He is known to be ambitious. His handling of the affairs of the Defence Ministry has not, however, been entirely happy. He has come in for adverse criticism over his dismissal of a senior official of his Ministry, General Müller-Hillebrand, in which he displayed more vigour than tact. The Defence Minister may well have chosen the wrong ground for a showdown with the generals.

The Social Democrats are as far from power at Bonn as ever, perhaps even further. It must remain doubtful to what extent a class party of this type can achieve a resounding success in Germany in present circumstances. In spite of this, they might have done better. Their failure was largely due to Herr Ollenhauer's uninspiring leadership. Surely they would have been wise to pit a stronger man against the outstanding personality of the Chancellor. Ollenhauer's election as Schumacher's successor five years ago was a disastrous decision for the party. They have better brains among their élite in some of the Länder governments in which they participate. The neglect of these men can only be attributed to the power of the central party machine in Bonn and to internal jealousies.

The Social Democrats did not have a clear programme. As they wanted to keep the possibility of an alliance with the Free Democrats open, they did not want to focus too much attention on their economic plans. In foreign policy they had nothing concrete to offer to the electorate except to do things better. Here, too, the comparison of personalities was against them. The election result shows that the campaign against the "autocracy" of the Chancellor waged by the Social Democrats and the Free Democrats failed miserably. The opponents of the Christian Democrats in that way actually focused attention on the strongest part of the ruling party's case, its excellent leadership. As long as the alliance of the two Christian Democrat groups holds it is impossible to dislodge it during the next four years. If Dr. Adenauer lives there is no doubt of that. The old man dominates the scene more than ever, making it impossible to peer beyond.

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FRANK EYCK

SAUDI ARABIA AND ITS RULER

"**S**AUDI-ARABIA is flat broke." So say many reports arriving from informed sources in the Middle East. Bankrupt, despite the £120 million a year paid direct to King Saud by the oil companies operating in his country. And the reason? A rash of personal spending by the King and the Royal Family. A few years ago, Saudi-Arabia could only be described as a "pauper state," the continued survival of which depended upon annual foreign subsidies, mainly from Great Britain. Now it has a comparatively large and assured national income and yet the Saudi rial, valued last year at two shillings, is now only worth eleven pence. Few other countries could have so unnecessarily reached the verge of bankruptcy in so short a time without internal disruption but then few other peoples are so entirely voiceless in the conduct of their country's affairs.

Saudi-Arabia is governed, one might justifiably say owned, by its King and its Royal Family without even the pretence of a popular mandate. King Saud is still a great all-powerful tribal sheik and tribal customs, laws and traditions, which originally met the needs of small primitive nomad communities, have been retained and adapted to meet the complex needs of a nation. This country more nearly resembles a vast feudal estate of the Middle Ages than a twentieth century Kingdom. The Lord of the Manor is the King and he owns everything and everybody within his domain. His word is the whole law and his is the power of life and death. Tribal customs and the Koran are his guides. Freedom of movement, privacy of communication and many of the joys of personal ownership are denied to those outside the royal circle. Where else can one find a country in which the movements of its peoples are so rigidly controlled? And yet this is one of the countries of the world where freedom of movement from one grazing area to another is so essential to the continued existence of the tribal nomads who comprise a large proportion of the country's population. When absolutely necessary, movement to another area is permitted but only on orders from the King and then to some specific area which he will allocate to the tribe.

For such a vast and primitive area communications are surprisingly good. Every oasis and fort scattered over the barren desert is equipped with an efficient wireless telegraphy station and all may use this means of communication on payment of a small sum. But every message sent by this means passes through the hands of the King before reaching its destination. It was said of the late King Ibn Saud that he never retired for the night without having read every public and private message sent over the country's wireless network that day. No doubt the same can be said of his son, the present King Saud. Cars and motor-trucks are now rapidly replacing the camel as a means of transport and the country is reasonably well supplied in this respect. All, however, belong to the King; the sole owner of all the mechanical transport within his country, outside that owned by the foreign oil companies operating on his territory.

Such sweeping powers transcend even those of a Hitler or a Mussolini. Never in modern times has a ruler exercised such complete and absolute powers of control over the lives of his people as does the King of Saudi-Arabia. Before throwing up our hands in protesting horror at such things, however, it is well to recall the country's recent history for, during the last 30 years it has progressed from an agglomeration of small independent warlike Sheikdoms to a state of complete unification. Not so many years ago

private wars were a national pastime and participation in the "gom" or raiding party a pleasurable excursion from which there may be no return. Now the "gom" never sets off on its trail of robbery, murder and destruction and Saudi-Arabia has internal peace. This step forward was not due to any change of heart but rather to the skill of the man who imposed his will upon his tribesmen. When the late King Ibn Saud extended his area of control from the Nejd to include the Shammar and finally the Hedjaz, thus welding the main areas of this vast natural region into one, he realized that only an iron-fisted control would hold it together. It was a wise decision for less than this would have led to renewed disruption and the country would have again fallen apart. Moreover it admirably suited the situation for the Arab, by nature, is a respecter of the "strong arm."

And so Ibn Saud decreed that all tribal movements would come under his own personal control. If there were any treacherous elements about—and he seemed to know most of them—he wanted to know where he had them. With such a vast empty domain to govern the King was quick to realize the value of wireless communication, not as a desirable and necessary amenity for his peoples but as a ready means of controlling them. Trusted comrades-in-arms of his earlier difficult days were appointed as Emirs of possible trouble spots and given a wireless telegraphy station. The quick receipt of vital information from all parts of his country thus became easy and the King could, without moving from his palaces in Riyadh or Mecca, keep his finger on the pulse of his Kingdom. By instituting a personal surveillance of all private messages sent over the wireless network he also very effectively eliminated the possibility of urgent inter-communication between possible revolutionary elements scattered around the country. Concerted action thus became impossible and any trouble which did develop was kept isolated and small and was easily dealt with. The introduction of motor-transport into this country of vast empty spaces was indeed a great step forward. Problems of movement and supply, matters of great difficulty with only camels available, were now easily resolved. Again, however, this was only a secondary consideration to that of maintaining control. For that reason the King has retained possession of all motor-vehicles within the country. With no one else possessing a car or lorry, it became an easy matter for the King to despatch a convoy of troops to administer a salutary lesson to an erring tribe whose only means of escape was the slow lumbering camel.

By such dictatorial methods was peace brought to an otherwise turbulent country where no man's life was safe outside the security of his own tribe. That this newly found security is valued by the ordinary folk is certain. It is questionable however whether this forced unification of the region has met with the unqualified approval of all the former powerful families which have now been reduced to the state of henchmen of the monarch. One has only to see the King being driven from his palace with four armed bodyguards clinging to the sides of his car to realize that beneath the apparent calm must exist an undercurrent of discontent and potential trouble. On the face of it, it is a benevolent monarchy, for, according to ancient tribal custom, anyone, no matter how lowly, may gain personal access to the King in order to plead a cause or submit a petition. Every morning the King holds a diwan or open meeting when petitions are received and justice dispensed. But to gain access to the King is a formidable proposition. The petitioner must first be sponsored by a high government official who will lead him into the

royal presence through a long imposing lane of magnificently arrayed and heavily armed bodyguards. Having arrived at the diwan, a large heavily furnished hall the walls of which will be lined by all the high officials of state, he must progress its full length before coming face to face with the King. I can well imagine a poor Bedu from the desert, whose case perhaps is not all that strong, being thoroughly demoralized before ever getting the chance to open his mouth. It was my privilege when in the capital, Riyadh, a few years ago to attend, on several occasions, the morning diwan of the present King Saud. He was then the Crown Prince and deputizing for his father, King Ibn Saud, while the latter was making the Hajj pilgrimage to Mecca. While not feeling unduly discomforted on these occasions, I cannot claim to being able to carry my entrance through with what I felt was the right degree of aplomb until about my third attendance. And I was not there to ask for anything.

As well as being a country in which an essentially patriarchal system of government has been retained, it is also a land of barbaric survivals. To quote only two of these will be sufficient to remind us how far apart are our own present western ways from those of this desert Kingdom. The normal and certain punishment for stealing is the cutting off, at one blow, of the guilty hand. While in Riyadh I had the nauseating and unwilling experience of seeing this sentence actually carried out on a poor wretch found guilty of stealing money. It was performed in the public square outside the old palace just as I was unfortunate enough to drive into the square on my way to attend the Crown Prince. The crowd watching the proceedings was but small, and it was only a matter of minutes between the appearance of the prisoner and his guards to the time when his right hand was suspended, as a warning for all to note, from a wall bracket fixed at the corner of the square. It all appeared so commonplace and, judging by the faint interest displayed by the onlookers, an everyday occurrence. And yet I was assured that I had been lucky: such sentences are rarely necessary these days, for stealing, a viciously prevalent habit in other more enlightened Arab countries, was here a most infrequent crime. I wasn't a bit surprised. A second instance of a brutal and extreme punishment being given occurred only this July during the Hajj festival in Mecca. A couple, found guilty of confessed immorality, were sentenced in accordance with the law of Mahomet as written in the Koran, to be stoned to death. The sentence was duly carried out by a squad of Saudi soldiers, the judge casting the first stone. To us it is hard to understand how such a law can survive in a country where concubinage is not only accepted as a normal state of affairs, but is prevalent among those who can afford to keep a harem.

Saudi-Arabia is a country of great contrasts where East and West do indeed meet. Torn between its fervent adherence to Arab nationalism and the Wahhabi way of life on the one hand and its dependence upon the West for the development of its national wealth on the other, here is a country where richly producing oil wells and the Biblical nomad life of the pastoral Bedouin exist side by side; where the great wealth of the ruling families contrasts with the extreme poverty, often at starvation level, of the ordinary tribesman, and where a harsh internal oppression of its peoples presents no bar to the occupation of a seat in the United Nations and a say in the decisions of the free world. And now, in spite of its real and its potential wealth in oil and of the ready assistance offered from all sides, the country

is reported to be "flat broke." Is this to be wondered at when all the oil royalties go straight into the royal pocket; when the addition of more and better Cadillacs to the Royal Garage is considered of greater importance than the development of the country, and the building of larger and more luxurious palaces more desirous than the betterment of the ordinary people? If Saudi-Arabia is indeed bankrupt the responsibility rests in the lap of King Saud for, with him and him alone lies the power to drag his country into ruin or, by the wise use of his newly acquired wealth, lift it to a degree of prosperity it has never known.

L. G. CAMERON

THE SECOND EMPIRE. X. PRINCE NAPOLEON

WHILE the cousins were in full agreement about enlarging the dominions of the House of Savoy, they differed in regard to the Temporal Power of the Pope. In 1861, in a three hours oration in the Senate in the debate on the Address, the Prince argued that Rome should become the capital of the new Italian kingdom. "I do not pretend to be a fervent Catholic," he began, "but I was born in the Catholic religion and have as much right to talk Catholicism as you. We wish the priest to remain an object of veneration without needing a gendarme to aid him in spiritual things as has been the case in Rome. When he does something unworthy and the *exaltés* indulge in ridiculous demonstrations, his name is coupled with it. That is a pity. I shall utter no disrespectful word about his spiritual power, for I have the greatest respect for the chief of the Catholic world." After this exordium he suggested a possible compromise between the Vatican and the Monarchy: let them divide the city between them with the river as a boundary, and let the Powers guarantee the independence of the Papal zone, "Then you would have a completely independent oasis of Catholicism in a stormy world; Catholics would provide a budget sufficient for the dignity of religion and the payment of a garrison." This striking anticipation of the Lateran treaty of 1929 earned congratulations from the Tuileries. "Though I do not agree in every point, I congratulate you on your nobly patriotic sentiments so eloquently expressed and on your immense oratorical success." Since neither Pio Nono nor Victor Emmanuel, who wrote to thank his son-in-law, was in a mood for compromise, the speech produced no effect and—to the Prince's regret—the Emperor despatched a brigade to reinforce the Pontifical volunteers. "Unfortunately my advice has no chance of acceptance," he reported to Ricasoli, the heir of Cavour. "Despite his keen desire not to thwart the wishes of the Italian people, he will only withdraw his troops when he can do so without breaking his promises."

In referring to the recent overthrow of the Bourbons in Naples and Sicily the Prince spoke with bitter contempt of "that family which everywhere and at all times, in every country where it has reigned, has given us the scandalous example of struggles and domestic treacheries. We represent not reaction but modern society. Sympathy has been expressed for Francis I. Do not confound sympathy with pity. Our sympathy is reserved for the glorious Italian cause; for the ex-King of Sicily we have only pity." Contrasting the divisions in the Bourbon family with the unity of the Bonapartes, he continued: "If bad times come, history will not tell of treason among the Bonapartes as among the Bourbons, for they would all

be united in face of danger." What had happened in Naples was only the prelude. Now that the Bourbons had gone the Pope as a temporal ruler must go too, returning to the primitive simplicity of the apostles, handing Rome to Victor Emmanuel, and withdrawing into an honourable retreat whence he would rule without dependence on anyone. The speech was as rapturously received in Italy as had been England's blessing on Italian unity in Lord John Russell's celebrated despatch to Sir James Hudson, and appeared as a brochure in Italian dress. "Your speech is for the power of the Pope," wrote Cavour, "what Solferino was for Austrian rule. Your help will not fail us. After making such a large break in the walls of the Eternal City, your shoulder will give a further push towards the entrance. That will be a great day for Italy, for France, for the universe. The destruction of the Temporal Power will be one of the most glorious and fruitful events in the history of mankind, and your name will always be associated with it."

The speech equally delighted Persigny, Minister of the Interior, who placarded it throughout France and published it in the *Moniteur des Provinces*, but it was generally deplored as an unprovoked and ungenerous outburst. The Duc d'Aumale, the youngest and most distinguished son of Louis Philippe, replied from his exile in Twickenham in a brochure entitled *Lettre sur l'histoire de France*, which defended the Bourbon record, recalled the leniency of Louis Philippe, and carried the war into the Bonaparte camp. The manuscript was sent to Comte d'Haussonville who undertook to get it printed in Paris. Though no name appeared on the cover it was signed Henri d'Orléans. Copies were seized by the police, but large numbers were distributed by trusty hands and extracts appeared in the European press. Though the publisher and printer were sentenced, a blow had been struck at the regime. In a land where affairs of honour were commonly settled by sword or pistol, the author expected a challenge and chose his seconds, but the aggressor made no move. "As for Prince Napoleon," reported Lord Cowley, "he is lost. He seems resolved not to fight. Man, woman and child look upon him as completely dishonoured. The Emperor is more upset than by anything since he has been chief of state. The Empress exclaims: "If my son were in his place I would conduct him to the field of honour and place in his hand the sword or pistol to avenge the slur on his name." Meeting him in the Tuileries she was believed to have greeted him with the cutting words: "I thought you were in London."

When the Poles rose against their Russian masters in 1863 the Prince despatched a lengthy memorandum to the Emperor advocating intervention. "The restoration of Poland is an axiom of our policy which needs no discussion. The support of the insurgents by the Church ensures the support of the Catholics in France. The Emperor declares that the restoration of Poland is no longer a dream. Let us go forward to fulfil the greatest idea and repair the greatest crime of modern times. That would evoke unparalleled enthusiasm." The first duty was to encourage the insurgents to hold out by the prospect of foreign aid, the second to summon Prussia to stand aloof. As if this playing with fire were not enough, the author proceeded to redraw the map of Europe. The Emperor replied that the dream might perhaps be realized some day but that great prudence was needed. "I desire no demonstrations or provocations. I count on you to

assist me instead of embarrassing me." Napoleon III had more horse sense than his impetuous cousin.

The appeal was ignored, and a speech in the Senate declaring that he had a Polish heart and denouncing Russian repressive methods incurred public reproof. Billault, Minister of State, who followed in debate, repudiated the incautious utterance and explained the attitude of the Government, and the Prince was deeply hurt to read in the *Moniteur* a letter from the Emperor congratulating Billault on his intervention. "Your words were in every respect in accord with my ideas and I repudiate any other interpretation."

An aggrieved letter from the thin-skinned Prince provoked a severe and detailed indictment of his conduct throughout the years. "Since my election as President you have never ceased in word and deed to combat my policy. How have I retaliated? By striving on all occasions to bring you forward, to give you a position worthy of your rank and scope for your brilliant qualities. Your speeches in the Senate are always a serious embarrassment. People wonder that I tolerate such sustained opposition. I have a right to ask that you should conceal any divergence of opinion. Your last speech was outrageous. You must choose between supporting my government and giving rein to your violent opinions, in which case I must announce my dissatisfaction. I deeply regret that your good sense and good heart have not controlled your passions." In replying the Prince asked permission to visit Egypt with his wife and thereby to prove that he would give no further trouble. He had only one request—a command in the event of war. The offender, now in a somewhat chastened mood, explained to the Russian Ambassador that he had not preached rebellion, that he merely desired a better life for the Polish people, and that he was mindful of his relationship with the Tsar. Some of the insurgents expressed their gratitude to their champion by offering him the crown of Poland if independence were achieved.

On his return from Egypt the Prince resumed friendly relations with his cousin, who appointed him President of the Commission for the publication of the correspondence of Napoleon of which 15 volumes had appeared, and the enterprise was completed under his direction. Conscious of his abilities he fretted at inaction. "My position looks very agreeable," he complained to the Emperor, "but it does not satisfy me because I am not fulfilling my destiny. I can do nothing to earn glory and a place in history. What humiliates me is to be out of touch with the Government." "You are very clever and well informed," replied the Emperor, "but you have too little tact in your conduct and too little measure in your words."

In May, 1864, the Prince begged for a conversation "not about politics, as I see you do not wish to discuss them with me, nor about money. I desire your advice about my future. I am forty-two, in poor health. I have a child and am expecting a second. With my name, position and my limited capacity I should try to render services to my country, to leave some trace of my life, in a word to find my duty and to do it. I cannot continue to live from hand to mouth. Before deciding my course I have a right to consult you as head of the family. My ambition is neither culpable nor unreasonable and everything depends on what you will say to me." If there was a reply it has not survived. The Prince was incorrigible. Representing the Government at the unveiling of a monument in Ajaccio

to Napoleon and his brothers in 1865 he renewed the attack on the Temporal Power. The fresh outburst provoked the most wounding reprimand he ever received, for, on this occasion, it was published in the *Moniteur*. "I must inform you of my painful impression on reading your speech at Ajaccio. Your programme can only serve the foes of my government. To prevent anarchy in public opinion the Emperor established—first in the family and then in the government—the severe discipline which admitted only a single will and unity of action. From this line of conduct I cannot depart." The publicity was even harder to endure than the censure. The culprit promptly resigned his post as Vice-President of the Privy Council and the Presidency of the Exhibition planned for 1867. Retiring to his residence in Switzerland, he waited for the Emperor's wrath to cool and a month later he was summoned to the Tuileries.

The Emperor. I am grieved but I had to do it. I am not angry with you, but I have long been annoyed by the embarrassments you cause me. I do not want people to think I have two policies, one official, one secret of which you are the mouthpiece. My letter was written to disassociate myself from what you said.

The Prince. It might have been done in a less wounding manner. I do not recall any such publication. Our uncle wrote sternly about your father and Murat but never published his letters. I am deeply hurt. What have you against me?

The Emperor. I am not criticising this or that passage but the whole thing. No one but myself should put forward a programme, even a good one. We cannot have two heads under one hat.

The Prince. Knowing my opinions and my record, why did you appoint me to the Privy Council?

The Emperor. It is easy to blame my policy if one is not in power.

The Prince. There is no liberty. I cannot believe it suits France in the long run. Our great uncle understood this. Your government is badly organized and there is a lot of friction. You cannot even do good. The country is oppressed. You know I have always thought the same. You no longer care for me. You only made me Vice-President of the Privy Council owing to the solicitations of Walewski, Magne and Persigny who wanted thereby to enhance its prestige, and now you regret it.

The Emperor. No sentiment, please.

The Prince. If the Empire and liberty prove incompatible it will be a bad day for our dynasty. If you do not regret your letter, I do not regret my speech.

The Emperor. You consort with all the enemies of my government.

The Prince. I never drop my old friends. I see very few people, and of these very few are your enemies. No word is uttered under my roof which you should not hear.

On the eve of the Austro-Prussian conflict in 1866 the Prince requested a command if France were involved. His desire was granted and harmony was restored. The Seven Weeks War ended as suddenly as the campaign of 1859, and his sole assignment was to persuade his father-in-law to conclude an armistice with Austria. Since France had come so close to the precipice and doubts had been expressed as to her readiness, a mixed commission of soldiers and civilians, including the Prince, was appointed to reorganize the army but its recommendation of compulsory service was

rejected by the Chamber. "You wish to turn France into a vast barracks," exclaimed Jules Favre. "Take care not to make her a vast cemetery," retorted Marshal Niel.

The Prince's anxieties were increased by a visit to Germany in 1868 when Bismarck frankly revealed his plans for South Germany and described France as the only obstacle.

Bismarck. What do you want?

The Prince. The Rhine frontier.

Bismarck. Impossible. Belgium?

The Prince. That would need a treaty.

Bismarck. Why? If it did not suit me I should break it.

Still more alarming was the impression of military efficiency derived from visits to Prussian barracks in the company of Colonel Stoffel, Military Attaché at the Embassy in Berlin.

The first stage of the inauguration of the Liberal empire in 1867 gave the Prince the keenest pleasure. "Your *Acte Additionel* in favour of liberty is an immense event," he wrote to the Emperor. "It is good for you, for your son, for France. It will make an enormous impression in Europe and restore our great prestige if loyally and skilfully implemented. The French people have always understood you when you had confidence in them. Good laws on the press and the right of association will be useful and glorious reforms due to your unforced initiative. You know my old convictions. Partly trained by you I have only two passions—the glory and liberty of our country under our family. Persevere. Do not let yourself be hindered by selfish and narrow-minded men. When history can say that after restoring order and bringing glory to France you initiated real liberty you will have little cause to envy the greatest sovereigns. That is the first utterance of my heart." "I am very touched by your comment on the new phase," replied the Emperor.

The friendly letter emboldened the Prince once again to proffer advice. "Your liberal programme has caused the more satisfaction since it came as a surprise. The press, most of it hostile, found it difficult to conceal its embarrassment, and our enemies have been put out of countenance. A great effect was being produced, but the announcement of your new Ministry has changed the feeling and everyone is saying "this is not serious." Thiers has exclaimed: "This is a trick, but we can turn it to our account." The benefits conferred by the Emperor, it is said, are being whittled away. Distrust is rife. If this goes on the reaction will be serious and your generous initiative will weaken instead of strengthening you. You change your technical Ministers and retain the political figures. You even keep the silent ones who cannot appear in the Chamber. As Minister of State, the sole effective organ of government, Rouher was already too omnipotent and now you add the Ministry of Finance. He is a man of great talent and real worth and has rendered you too great services to retire. To make him Minister of Finance seems to me excellent, but ought he to remain spokesman of the new domestic policy? New situations require new men. What confidence would a Minister inspire who proceeds to praise what he condemned a year ago? The malady of our time is flabbiness of character, the enfeebling of conscience, the spectacle of Ministers defending the policy they have opposed, retaining their post in order to ensure its failure. That is not the way to raise the *morale* of a nation. My sole motive is my desire for the success of a policy which I warmly approve, and which I regret to see compromised

by the feebleness in its application." The Emperor replied that such criticisms would only be justified under a Parliamentary régime like that of Louis Philippe. "I am to a certain point responsible for all that the Ministers have said or done, and if I take the initiative that is no condemnation of past actions. Moreover, since neither the Minister of the Interior nor the Foreign Minister is an adroit speaker, I had to retain Rouher as spokesman on all questions. I am glad to give you these explanations."

No sooner was one crisis over than the clouds rolled up again. After the war of 1866, which added Venetia to the Italian kingdom, the French garrison was withdrawn from Rome. In the following year Pio Nono, menaced once more by Garibaldi, appealed to the Emperor, who promised its return. "You can imagine the effect in Italy," telegraphed the King to his son-in-law. "The consequences will be terrible for both nations. Do what you can to prevent this misfortune." The Prince replied that he knew nothing about affairs and had not seen the Emperor for a long time. Despite the defeat of the Garibaldians at Mentana by the Papal troops, the French garrison returned to Rome. The Prince drafted a protest, but its publication was vetoed by the Emperor and an interview failed to calm the troubled waters. "The more I reflect on the talk," wrote the Emperor, "the more I want to convince you how regrettable it would be if you appear to be separating from me. It is bad enough at ordinary times to display division in a family, but now any publication opposed to my policy would constitute a hostile act. The situation is grave. I am attacked on all sides and your opposition would be regarded as a sign of weakness. Despite my friendship I must repeat that if you wish to go your own way I shall be obliged to announce a dramatic rupture." The offender cancelled publication, and wrote an aggrieved letter of submission. "You deprive me of the rights of the humblest citizen and relegate me to the position of a suspect and a pariah in my own country."

After a year of sulky silence the Prince felt so alarmed at the foreign and domestic situation that he meditated a resounding declaration in the Senate. On second thoughts he addressed a memorandum to the Emperor who briefly replied that they were not in agreement. "At home we need firmness; abroad we must await events. I am always glad to receive your views." A second memorandum was despatched a month later analysing the elections of May, 1869, in which the government won only two-thirds of the seats. "Thus the Emperor is once again the master of the destinies of France. If by a change of men and system he pursues a liberal and constitutional course, if he sacrifices part of his power, he will receive the support of the Chamber and increase his popularity. If, on the other hand, he favours a reactionary clerical policy and continues to employ the discredited personnel of the present government he will strengthen the Republican, socialist and revolutionary Opposition, which would erupt in a terrible manner in the event of domestic or external complications. The Empire has plenty of strength, but its adherents are dispersed while its opponents are disciplined and concentrated in the great cities, above all in Paris. To live in an immense capital where the large majority of the inhabitants dream of upsetting a régime is a most difficult problem. Insurrection can be suppressed by force once, twice, thrice; but to hold Paris by force indefinitely is impossible. It must be disarmed by a wise policy. The situation is grave; the democratic flood is mounting. It must be canalised, not resisted. The men identified

with the old system must go and liberal concessions be made. There must be a holocaust to save the Emperor, the dynasty and the Empire, and new Ministers, such as Ollivier, must inspire confidence." The writer concluded with a list of urgent reforms, above all ministerial responsibility. When the Senate resumed after the summer recess he renewed his demand for a clean break with the past. "I should like to see the authoritarian Empire burn its boats. The art of government is to yield at the right moment. Do not be afraid of opposition. It is the salt of politics." The last of the indefatigable Prince's lengthy memoranda reached the Emperor in February, 1870, after Ollivier was called to the helm. A plebiscite, he argued, was essential to ratify the new system. The last plebiscite of the reign in April, 1870, brought a majority of $7\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions, but the abstention of 2 million votes was ominous.

The Prince was yachting in Norway when the storm burst. Hurrying back to Paris he accompanied the Emperor to Metz, whence he was despatched with an appeal to his father-in-law. The mission was fruitless, for a French garrison blocked the road to Rome. When the news of Sedan reached him in Italy the resentments of former days melted away. "I ask to join you. Misfortune can only strengthen the ties which bind me to you since childhood." "I am touched by your offer to share my captivity," replied the fallen ruler. "But I desire to remain alone with the few who followed me, and I have begged the Empress not to come." The stormy petrel of the Second Empire lived for another 20 years, writing, travelling and quarrelling, but he had ceased to count. Throughout life he was his own worst enemy.

G. P. GOOCH

To be continued.

FRANCIS THOMPSON'S OUTLOOK ON SCIENCE

PHYSICS, Chemistry, Botany, Zoology: a drab yet formidable list of subjects to be studied, or so it seemed to the young Francis Thompson when he began his medical course at Owens College, Manchester, in 1877. In a term or two would come *Materia Medica* and after that Anatomy and Physiology, two even more difficult subjects to attack. No wonder that the feeling of failure grew on Francis. It was not new to him. He had been for several years at school at Ushaw College, always with the hope before him of eventually becoming a Roman Catholic priest. As his schooldays drew to a close however, it was patent to everyone that he had no vocation for the priesthood. Some other way of life must therefore be chosen. His father, himself a doctor, felt that medicine would be the next best thing; so Francis, who managed to pass his entrance examination and even to obtain a distinction in Greek, became a medical student at Owen's College, Manchester.

Years later he himself owned that he "had hated his scientific and medical studies and learned them badly." In fact, he seems to have gone through his years at College—and there were almost seven of them—in a sort of a dream. Yet even so the "bad and reluctant knowledge" that he gained there grew to be of such paramount importance that eventually it found expression in his poetry.

In *The Nineteenth Century*, for instance, he considers the work of
 those patient Darwins who forthdrew
 From humble dust what truth they knew
 And greater than they knew, not knowing all they knew.
 These were the men who
 drew to light
 By their sciential might
 The secret ladder where though all things climb
 Upward from the primeval slime.

He even, later in the same poem, passes to the patient microscopist, who
 with burnished tube betrays
 The multitudinous-diminutive
 Recessed in virtual night
 Below the surface seas of sight
 Him whose enchanted windows give
 Upon the populated ways
 Where the shy universes live
 Ambushed beyond the unapprehending gaze.

Exactly what the *shy universes* were I cannot be sure. Perhaps the poet was thinking of the colonies of *Volvox*, the fresh water alga, each one a hollow sphere made up of hundreds of cells, only eight of which are able to divide to form tiny new colonies which continue to move actively within their progenitor, so long as it persists.

Related to this infinitesimal living beauty was that of the inanimate snowflake. Describing its crystalline loveliness Thompson draws into his lines the thought of God. The snowflake itself declares

God was my shaper
 Passing surmisal
 He hammered, he wrought me
 From curled silver vapour
 To lust of his mind:—
 Thou could'st not have thought me
 So purely, so palely
 Tinily, surely,
 Mightily, frailly,
 Insculped and embossed
 With his hammer of wind
 And his graver of frost.

As Francis Thompson was at College from 1877 to 1884 it will be realized that the Physics and Chemistry he studied partook of the mechanistic outlook on the Universe which characterised nineteenth century scientists. Already John Dalton had, early in the century, formulated his atomic theory. Though similar in conception to that of certain Greek thinkers like Democritus, who had stated his ideas on the atomic structure of matter more than 2,000 years previously, Dalton's theory was not, like theirs, based on speculation but on deductions drawn from the results observed in a series of careful chemical experiments of a quantitative character. His formulation of the theory was clear and concise and made, naturally as it would seem to him, in prose. Yet Lucretius in his *De Rerum Natura* thought otherwise. He couched his concept of the atomic constitution of matter in poetry—a concept based on that of Democritus who had died more than two-and-a-half centuries before Lucretius was born.

. . . . Do but observe

Whenever beams make their ways in and pour
The sunlight through the dark rooms of a house
You may see many tiny bodies mingling
In many ways within the beams of light
Or through the empty space, and as it were
In never-ending conflict waging war,
Combating and contending drop with drop
Without pause, kept in motion by perpetual
Meetings and separations, so that this
May help you to imagine what it means
That the primordial particles of things
Are always tossing about in the great void,*

tossing about, too, in an apparently closely-knit solid substance.

This fact is expressed in *Contemplation* when Thompson, resting in the open air one day, feels that

. . . . life with all things seems so perfect blent

For any thing of life to be aware

The very shades on hill and tree and plain

Where they have fallen doze, and where they doze remain.

But that is only on the surface. Probing below, he shows how different is the hidden reality.

No hill can idler be than I

No stone its inter-particled vibration

Investeth with a stiller lie.

And by *inter-particled vibration*, he gives expression to the continuous hidden movement of those ultimate "bits" of matter which constitute the ordinary everyday substances that are around us.

From the diminutive he passes to the gigantic and finally brings home to us the amazing thought that

In skies that no man sees to move

Lurk untumultuous vortices of power.

It is fitting to recall Francis Thompson at this time for it is 50 years ago on November 13, since he died. To most people his name is immediately associated with *The Hound of Heaven*, the best known of his poems. It is, of course, only one of the many religious poems he wrote, the most outstanding of which is *Orient Ode*. Beginning

Lo, in the sanctuaried East

Day, a dedicated priest

In all his robes pontifical exprest

Lifteth slowly, lifteth sweetly

From out its Orient tabernacle drawn

Yon orbéd sacrament confest

Which sprinkles benediction through the dawn

it continues to its triumphant end with

When men shall say to thee: Lo! Christ is here,

When men shall say to thee: Lo! Christ is there,

Believe them: yea, and this—then art thou seer

When all thy crying clear

Is but: Lo here! lo there! ah me, lo everywhere!

* Translation by the late R. C. Trevelyan.

Eventually it comes to this, Francis Thompson so interpreted science and religion through poetry that when he reaches a peak of perfection in the first type of interpretation the second is almost always commingled with it. *New Year's Chimes* gives clear evidence of his power to interpret astronomical science poetically

What is the song the stars sing?
 (And a million songs is as song of one)
 This is the song the stars sing
 (Sweeter song's none)
 One to set and many to sing
 (And a million songs are as song of one)
 One to stand and many to cling
 The many things, and the one Thing.
 The one that runs not, and the many that run.

The last three lines in the second stanza serve as imagery for a solar system, or a planet with its satellites, or even the nuclear conception of an atom. Now that we no longer regard an atom as one and indivisible, knowing that it consists of nuclear and satellite electrons, we realize its existence depends on *inter-particled vibration*. It is indeed a *multitudinous single thing*, as Thompson puts it in the last stanza of the same poem

This is the song the stars sing
 (Tonéd all in time)
 Tintinnabulous, tuned to ring.
 A multitudinous single thing
 (Rung all in rhyme).

A poet's assessment of his own work is always worth noting. Particularly is this true in Thompson's case. Of his poems he said that "some are as much science as mysticism, but it is the science of the Future not the science of the scientist. . . . For there was never yet poet beyond a certain range of insight who could not have told the scientists what they will be teaching 100 years hence." It is 60 years since he said this, and in that 60 years the nature of scientific discovery has not only entered but progressed far into the territory of nuclear fission. That was one thing Francis Thompson never envisaged; the splitting of the atom, the destruction of that diminutive yet multitudinous single thing which like the stars has one part to stand, and many to cling, one to run not, and many to run. Could he have envisaged it, perhaps he would have trembled in dismay, not only because such splitting results in so immeasurable a release of stored energy and such myriads of contaminating particles, but because in some mystic way the integrity of individual atoms is ruthlessly destroyed. He believed that

All things by immortal power
 Near or far
 Hiddenly
 To each other linkéd are
 That thou canst not stir a flower
 Without troubling of a star.

Perhaps, even, man cannot stir (or split) an atom without disturbing Nature's rhythm and hence troubling of a star. Who can say?

W. G. WILSON

AMERICAN LABOUR WELCOMES AUTOMATION

WHAT is automation?" asks a recent study prepared by the AFL-CIO Department of Research. "Will it create jobs, or kill them? Will it contribute to a rising standard of living and full employment—or have the effect of benefiting only certain segments of the population? Will the transition to the widespread use of automation be accompanied by mass unemployment and social dislocation?" Such questions as these have been asked over and over again at innumerable meetings of trade union leaders across the country during the last two years and thoroughly ventilated in the 700 or more journals which circulate among the separate unions, generally on a regional basis. It should now be possible, therefore, to assess in broad terms the prevailing attitude of the newly-merged labour movement to the overt challenge of the "second industrial revolution"—a phrase which, in America, is usually understood to include the imminence of atomic power as well as technical improvements summed-up under that hybrid term "automation."

A wide variety of control mechanisms and computers are steadily being introduced into American factories and offices. Radical changes in production methods, work-flow, office procedures and labour skills are already under way in numerous areas of the American economy. In their paper before the Industrial Relations Research Association, Professors George B. Baldwin and George P. Schultz, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, described the following three developments as together embracing, in brief, nearly everything that can be included under "automation":

- (1) The linking together of conventionally separate manufacturing operations into lines of continuous production through which the product moves untouched by human hands. This depends primarily on mechanical engineering for its adoption.
- (2) The use of "feedback" control devices which allow operations to be performed without human control. With feedback there is always some built-in automatic device for comparing the way in which work is being done with the way in which it is supposed to be done, and for making, automatically, any adjustments that may be necessary.
- (3) The development of general and special purpose computing machines, capable of recording and storing information and of performing mathematical operations on such information.

The machining department of the Ford engine plant in Cleveland is, perhaps, the best-known example of what is called "Detroit automation." In this plant engine blocks are machined by a linked battery of machines on a line some 1,500 feet long. These machine-tools perform more than 500 boring, drilling, honing, milling, and tapping operations, with little human assistance. The timing of each operation is synchronized so that the line moves forward uniformly. Again, the Pontiac Motor Division of General Motors has put into use an automated piston manufacturing line that produces 2,000 pistons an hour, through a process of linked machines, without being touched by a worker's hands.

In his introduction to the survey from which our initial questions are taken, Mr. George Meany, President of the joint-organization, lays down an approach to this new technology which can be regarded as generally

indicative of the optimistic mood which—in spite of the dampening effects of the current senatorial investigations—permeates organized labour in America as it braces itself to meet the dual impact of modern technocracy as a way of life. "Labour welcomes these technological changes," declares Mr. Meany; and he continues: "The new techniques offer promise of higher living standards for all, greater leisure, and more pleasant working conditions." But the AFL-CIO President wisely goes on to point out that "there are pitfalls as well as promises in the new technology." He then puts the gist of the AFL-CIO attitude in these terms:

"It is not characteristic of the trade union movement to sit back and let the future take care of itself. Labour unions can be expected to raise with employers the problems created by the new technology. The collective bargaining process must be utilized to work out the necessary arrangements for introducing the new machinery and equipment, for reviewing the wage structure and job classification that might be affected, and for making certain that the benefits flowing from the new technology are shared fully by the workers."

This spirit of long-term confidence, allied to a realistic attempt to use and develop to the full trade union machinery in tackling the transitional problems as they arise, was clearly shared by a regional conference of trade union leaders, organized as one of a series across the country by the 30-year old and flourishing American Labour Education Service, held at Cleveland last month. Speaker after speaker, drawn from every branch of North American labour, went to the platform and spoke of the "boundless possibilities" of automation. Joseph A. Beirne, President of the Communication Workers of America, for example, describing some of the trends already accepted as commonplace in the telephone industry urged "workers to rejoice, as the machine lifts the burden of heavy labour from their shoulders." "Let us move forward without fear of these wonderful machines," he asserted, "for automation is our friend, if harnessed properly." It was during the discussion among the 500 delegates following on Mr. Beirne's address that the claim was made that, having already marketed a total of over 50 million apparatuses, the communications industry was going on to install "two telephones in every American home." Another revealing set of figures which emerged was that, not only was the industry handling 117 million conversations daily, but the conversations were noticeably growing in length. However, double the number of telephones did not mean double the operators. On the contrary, switchboards were fast disappearing. Within a year or so 50 per cent of switchboard operations had been cut to 40 per cent; and the CWA were setting up research groups to check what was happening to the redundant staff.

A similar story was heard from the other sections of the Conference. In fact, the speakers at the Cleveland Conference—which brought together the voices of the Railroad Brotherhoods, the United Automobile Workers, the United Steelworkers, the Electricians, the Meatcutters, the Office Employees, and practically all the other big unions and many district federations, as well as representatives from University Industrial Relations Departments and from the U.S. Department of Labor—called emphatically upon government, business and labour for immediate action within two essentially-related areas of research, namely, for (1) national surveys of the overall economic and social effects of automation, and (2) specific

studies in the separate industries directly affected. Only thus could this unpredictable robot-giant be "harnessed properly" to the needs of the people. Both lines of public action would have to be pursued together because, as one delegate put it: "Automation has iceberg characteristics—a lot happens beneath the surface; changes in one plant may affect its competitors or revolutionize the whole industry."

It was Dr. Lawrence B. Cohen, Professor of Engineering at Columbia University in New York, who stressed that the impact would fall heaviest on the white-collared workers—incidentally the least organized of U.S. workers—for routine office-work was being increasingly taken over by the engineers. Moreover, he argued, the effect on the employer himself might be just as drastic, with scientists and technicians daily becoming more powerful than management. "Who," he asked, "is really going to make the decisions in automated industry?" To specialists like Professor Cohen the long-term problems was the most important one for organized labour, no less than for management; for it changed fundamentally the role of both elements in production and also changed the relationships between them. "Indeed," he asserted, "a new group of people is needed to deal with the management of automation" and a new philosophy of industry is essential if the second industrial revolution is to be steered away from the human disasters which followed the first and if it is to be planned from the start in terms of human values.

As at previous similar gatherings of union leaders since the Second World War, the undertone of thinking was often discernable—though it never came above a stage whisper—that the American labour movement would very soon have to face certain basic issues of national economic and social planning which it is almost sacrilege to mention at the present moment. But, as the gathering momentum of 15 million organized workers grows apace, and as internal integration of the recently-merged bodies moves from paper to practice, it can be plainly seen to involve nothing less than a direct political challenge to the existing parties which may do more to change the face of United States history than the advent of automation itself.

Finally, no attempted assessment of these new attitudes would be complete without brief reference to the underlying awareness—obvious from the spate of literature now emanating from the headquarters of the labour movement and from the recurrent discussions on local, state, and national levels—of the *world* implications of automation. Generally indifferent to happenings in the wider-world of labour outside this already wide continent, American unionism has recently discovered the importance of the International Labour Organization in Geneva and shown an awakening interest in, at least, the humanitarian activities of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, which co-operates closely with the Economic and Social Council of the United Nations.

At its 1956 Conference the I.L.O., "recognising the profound impact of automation and other technological developments on all aspects of labour and social policy," decided to give particular attention to the effects of automation in the economically less developed areas of the world. Continuing contacts are, therefore, being promoted between AFL-CIO officers and the I.L.O. bodies working in this expanding field. As an example of this new emphasis the Cleveland Conference gave up a whole

session to analyze—and debated in several of its “panel” discussions—some of the world aspects of automation. Increasing attention, of course, is paid in these discussions to the possible “feed back” effects on the U.S. economy of the rapid strides which automation, linked with atomic energy, is expected to produce in the near future in all oversea markets, but especially in the under-developed countries, which will skip over the first industrial revolution and plunge directly into the second. The defeat of the recent campaign of the National Association of Manufacturers to discredit the I.L.O. generally, and to restrict U.S. participation in its Conventions, owed not a little to this revived championship of the I.L.O. by the combined AFL-CIO leadership and to their newly-found belief that the I.L.O. is a true friend of the American worker.

New York.

J. AVERY JOYCE.

DR. RICHARD PRICE

I write this article as a distant relative, impartially. Richard Price was a man of various pursuits, the principal of which are, historian, economist, philosopher, parliamentarian, scientist and writer. The art of the historian and the art of the writer are closely related. In both cases a faculty for narrative or story-telling, and a sense of characterization are of high importance. There is a scientific side to history, with which the novelist is not concerned, demanding such gifts as balance of judgment, veracity of outlook, and power of reasoning. History is not a science, and by the variability of its date cannot be regarded as such, but a scientific study of its phenomena is certainly helpful in giving it weight and value. With Dr. Price's historical works I am not here concerned to discuss; but while veracity and balance of judgment are rightly considered as essential to the great historian, he must first of all be a literary artist in some measure, or his other qualities will count as nothing, and Dr. Price was a superb literary artist. His principal works among very many others are “Treatise on Reversionary Payments,” “The Celebrated Northampton Tables,” “The Review of the Principal Questions in Morals,” this last named work established his reputation as a writer of note.

In 1771 appeared his “Appeal on the National Debt,” and in 1776 his “Observations on Civil Liberty and the War with America,” which brought him an invitation from the American Congress to assist in regulating its finances. Of his great Treatise in Morals the chief position is that right and wrong are simple ideas incapable of analysis, and received immediately by the intuitive power of the reason.

In the second quarter of the century few of the greater issues of secular thought or of theology are wholly divorced from letters. We can hardly realize what burning topics these were in the reign of George the Second. The man in the street kept asking himself, however confusedly, some vital questions. Do I ever feel, and act, in a fashion that wholly eliminates self-regard? Is benevolence real, and is it more than self-love disguised? Surely it is; but, if so, then what is the nature of its prompting? What are “merit and demerit,” in essence? These questions bearing hard on life and behaviour, quickly reach the unphilosophic mind, and emerge from the endless discussions concerning the origin, connections, and sanctions of our moral ideas.

Such discussions, in precisely formal shape, abounded; and for all the importance of Berkeley, and Hume to world-philosophy, the most original and independent contribution of Britain was to moral theory, for which Dr. Price was one of the chief contributors. He asserts "Virtue is of intrinsic value . . . and of indispensable obligation; not a creature of will, but necessary and immutable; of equal extent and antiquity with the Divine Mind; not a mode of sensation but everlasting truth." These are truths which can appear only by their own light and which are incapable of proof; otherwise "nothing could be proved or known." Such is the creed of Richard Price, Member of Parliament, and champion of the two revolutions, American and French. In his *Review of the Principal Questions in Morals*, he reverts to Butler, to whom he expresses his debt, and also in a measure to Clarke and Cudworth. He is, in his day, the champion of the strict *a priori* school, and is a practised and telling writer. His feeling for beauty finds its way into every corner of his language. He was one of the master-minds of his century, and an example, like Berkeley and Hume, of the occasional precocity of genius. At the age of twenty while a student at Oxford University he had already hit on certain clues to his leading principle: "drawing the outlines on loose bits of paper: here a hint of a passion; there a phenomenon in the mind accounted for"; and within 10 months, struck with the futility of the "endless disputes, even in the most fundamental articles" of speculation, he was led to seek for some new medium by which "truth might be established"; and he says, "there seemed to be opened up to me a new scene of thought, which transported me above measure." From this awakening he started with a magnificent indifference to all intellectual tradition and authority; a temper afterwards to be combined, as not rarely happens, with many politicians; and he is also from the first a humanist.

Dr. Price is as fond as Bacon or Cowley of quoting parallels from classical antiquity, and he was "seized," he tells us, "very early with a passion for literature." I find Price's humanism amusingly one-sided, and though there are many scholars who will disagree with my own view, still I'm entitled to my opinions for what they are worth. To Dr. Price must the credit be given, that he is a classicist to the root, and in a discussion in Parliament on the East India Bill, when an opponent disagreed with his arguments he retorted, "then let us agree to disagree." He was the first person in our history to coin this apt phrase which he used often to end many unprofitable debates in the House of Commons. Lloyd George made frequent use of this phrase, but, as far as I am able to ascertain, no one has ever felt it worth while to recall the name of Dr. Richard Price. And there is yet another Richard Price in the same person, who watches man's life at large with a kind of dismayed melancholy. There is also the familiar Price, bland, dispassionate and serene, who is supposed to typify the "complacency" of the period. Though not a Londoner, he loved London and its cosmopolitan crowds. To his friends and acquaintances he became a legend, known familiarly as "Dr. Dick," and as a type of the absent-minded man. He once, so it was alleged, put bread and butter into the tea-pot instead of tea and complained that the tea was the worst he had ever tasted. He was short-tempered and impulsive; and when a certain guest had left the invited company, he exclaimed angrily: "We can breathe more freely now; that man has no indignation in him."

Dr. Price's description of mental phenomena so far as it goes, is that of

a master. His analysis of joy and grief, of resentment and gratitude, of self-deceit, of ambition, and of the influence of fashion, compare well with any other account of these "passions" that I can think of, or recall. The argument is too intricate to summarize here; but broadly speaking, it is an attempt to trace the action and reaction of feeling between two parties. He traces skilfully the elements of illusion that besets all human sympathy. "We sympathize," he remarks, "even with the dead," whose happiness, however, is unaffected by the dark images we form; and "it is from this very illusion of the imagination, that the foresight of our own dissolution is so terrible to us." And yet, like other such deceptions, it is a beneficent provision of nature. Another illusion of less value, is the importance we attach to great personages and their feelings. All the innocent blood that was shed in the Civil Wars, provoked less indignation than the death of Charles I. A stranger to human nature, who saw the indifference of men about the misery of their inferiors, and the regret and indignation which they feel for the misfortunes and sufferings of those above them, would be apt to imagine, that pain must be more agonizing and the convulsions of death more terrible, to persons of higher rank than to those of meaner stations. This is, of course, a fallacy. These are some of the topics discussed by Price at the London Literary Club where he remained a member till his death.

Dr. Price's conception of "conscience" is partly suggested by that of the "moral sense," which Shaftesbury had extolled in more emotional language and Hutcheson had raised into an independent faculty. He strips off the sentiment, links conscience with the whole scheme of the mind, and deepens the analysis. The one thing, he says, which "is of consequence to mankind or any creature," and which mankind can "in strictness of speaking be said to have a right to," is happiness. But happiness can only be won upon this earth "to a certain degree," and only in obeying the voice of the rational conscience. Your impulse to love and benefit your neighbour is satisfied at once by being spent upon its object. You can win happiness, and also a peculiar sort of serenity by "working for the good and happiness of the world," but not by indulging bad feelings, which are "more misery." While at Oxford his father died on the family estate in Trinidad, and bequeathed to him the large sugar cane plantation situate a short distance from the flourishing commercial town of Arima, the third largest in the island of Trinidad. This plantation is still possessed by Price's family. Some years ago I enjoyed a very pleasant holiday on this estate, and was able to collect much data and reliable information of the early life of Richard Price.

In the race of fame there are many capable of brilliant spurts for one who comes in winner after a steady pull with wind and muscle to spare. Dr. Price never showed any signs of effort, and it is a main proof of his excellence that he can be inadequately sampled by detached passages in his writings taken away from the context in which they contribute to the general effect. He has that continuity of thought, that evenly prolonged power, and that delightful equanimity, which characterize the higher orders of mind. There are two kinds of genius. The first and highest may be said to speak out of the eternal to the present, and must compel its age to understand it; the second understands its age, and tells it what it wishes to be told. Let us find strength and inspiration in the one, amusement and instruction in the other, and be honestly thankful for both.

J. B. PRICE

INDIA'S ONLY COMMUNIST STATE

WHILE the world's attention remains fixed upon internationally more dramatic areas, the Communist crisis in the Indian State of Kerala continues to boil. The smallest of the 14 constituent States of the Indian Union is but half the size of Ireland, yet she has a population of 15 million people. In this year's elections Indian Communists polled nearly 12 million votes (three times their strength in 1952) and gained control of Kerala, the south-western Malabar Coast territory of the Malayal-speaking people of what was formerly Travancore and Cochin under Britain. Using a powerful agitation and propaganda machine, Kerala Communists won 60 seats in the 126 seat State Assembly, and command the support of five out of the six Independents, thus having a clear majority over the three other parties. The relative strengths in the Legislature are Congress Party 43, Praja Socialists 9, Moslem League 8. Alarmed at the formidable and doctrinaire policy of the new Cabinet, the Opposition parties—formerly at one another's throats—tried to form a united front of Christians, Hindus and Moslems. So far they have been able to do little more than organise black flag processions and parliamentary boycotts which worry the Marxists not at all. Since their Government was formed last April the Communists have not looked back. Communist cells tour the towns and villages, trying law cases and administering tribunal justice without any juridical sanction. The Government may not be responsible for this, but it is significant that in September the Parliamentary Communist Party effectively stifled a protest against unauthorized tribunals made by the Congress Party, Mr. M. C. Abrahams, a Congress Member, tabled a motion on September 1, expressing concern at the growing lawlessness in the State, and claiming that Communist cadres were acting as law courts. Upon an Opposition member being told by the Speaker to "clear out" of the Assembly, the entire Opposition walked out.

Food is scarce in Kerala and unemployment is very high. The pressure on the land due to a huge population increase has in many places caused minute and uneconomic land subdivision. Over four hundred thousand people are without work, and their numbers increase by about one hundred thousand each year. The Communists claim that rice, tea, rubber and coconut capitalists—some of them British—are exploiting the country, and they spend much of their time organizing sabotage, collecting levies of food and money, and inducing workers to commit acts of violence against plantation managers and owners. The average annual income is about £8 per head, which is insufficient to maintain a reasonable standard of life. Further, as the literacy rate in Kerala is high (53 per cent against an all-India average of only 18 per cent) people are widely of the opinion that they deserve better conditions. The Communists persuaded 34 per cent of the electorate that all these difficulties are the consequence of capitalism.

As the third largest religious community (Hindus 303 million, Moslems 35 million, Sikhs 6 million) the 8 million Christians are an important if neglected factor in India. In Kerala Christianity and particularly Catholicism is strong and in the forefront of the anti-Communist struggle. As the effective power behind much of the State's excellent educational system, the Christians have been singled out by the Communist Party as their priority target in the struggle to establish practical Marxism within their borders.

The Communists have therefore chosen their battlefield: the control of the young mind through the nearly six thousand Kerala educational institutions is to be achieved by means of an Education Bill which, they hope, will put the Catholics and others once and for all out of the field. Most schools are to some degree State-aided, and the purpose of the Bill is to extend to private schools a measure of Government control. This involves at least two thousand schools. Teachers in these private establishments, says the Education Minister, must have the advantages of improved salaries and conditions now operating in Government schools—all 978 of them. On the other hand, says the Catholic Archbishop Mar Gregorios, the Government would force Communist teachers into the Christian schools, as Government conditions of service limit a school's choice of staff to a single list of officially "approved" teachers. Two thirds of the State's £6 million education expenditure goes in aid to private schools. The new Bill provides the Government with powers to take over any State-aided school which the Government considers is not being properly run. The Communists say that any school can contract out of the new law (if it forfeits aid), but the Christians point out that they cannot survive without Government subventions which cover their teachers' salaries. The same danger, of course, faces Hindu, Moslem and other non-secular foundations. At the same time, there seems to be no possibility that the Communist law will fail to be passed, and people of all faiths are saying that they will close their schools rather than have them turned into Marxist indoctrination centres. A move to challenge the constitutional legality of the Bill before the Supreme Court is thought likely to fail, because lawyers believe that only in its application could it be called harmful. It is not opposed to the letter of the Constitution. There is also a good deal of talk about emigration to other parts of India. While such negative actions may benefit a few, none of them seems the answer to the rapid growth of militant yet "legal" Communism in Kerala. Few people outside the State seem to show much interest in what is happening, or rather seem to appreciate its implications.

Mr. Nehru who deals with Communist violence very firmly when it appears, is clearly at a loss when faced by constitutional Communism. The Government of Kerala is legitimate. Its laws are valid. Its internal activities are (so far as is known, and excluding the acts attributed to Party enthusiasm) quite constitutional. Kerala is likely to be effectively collectivized long before the Central Government has worked out a formula to deal with it. In fact the Central Government has actually welcomed the new regime on a very high level. India's kindly ageing President, Dr. Rajendra Prasad, has given an official blessing to the Communists of Kerala, and sadly discounted his own Party (Congress) thereby. On the occasion of India's tenth Independence anniversary in August, Dr. Prasad visited Kerala and told an audience of many thousands that the fact that the Congress Party was ruling in Delhi and the Communists in Kerala made no difference to him. He felt that a "great experiment" was being made, and that Kerala would serve as a great lesson to other States and an example of co-existence "for the good of all."

While there is no official censorship of news from Trivandrum, and the State capital's streets have filled from time to time with up to fifteen thousand anti-Government demonstrators unhampered by the authorities, the general behaviour of the police leaves much to be desired. Threats, brickbat-throwing

and other forms of harassment of schools, clergy and planters give the entire place an air of danger and uncertainty. The police have standing instructions to intervene in "People's Demonstrations" only to prevent arson, murder or banditry; and this leaves the many Communist agitators plenty of scope for intimidation. Disorder and violence are rapidly spreading in the rubber and tea estates of the Kerala hinterland, where education is not such a live issue as in urban areas. Although the Communists' desire to nationalize the foreign-owned plantations was promptly sat upon by Delhi in the late summer, apprehension for their personal safety is rife among the planters. Mr. M. S. Calderwood, President of the United Planters' Association of South India, says that planters "fear that a foreign-dominated cult may be inculcated by legislation and imposed by force." Plantation managers are beaten up by union demonstrators with the police watching because murder, arson or banditry do not seem imminent. Meanwhile, three "strong men" pilot the ship of Kerala State. Chief Minister E. M. S. Nambudiripad is forty-eight. He became a Communist in 1937, after leaving the Congress Party and a period of Socialist work. He was elected to the Communist Party Politburo in the nineteen-forties. It was he who formulated the order that Communist units were not to be interfered with by the police. He is of Brahmin extraction. Mr. Achuta Menon, the Finance and Agriculture Minister, is 44 years of age. Deputy Leader of the Communist Party, he sits as an Independent, and was elected with Communist support. He is a writer and lawyer. The Education Minister, Mr. Joseph Mundassey, devised the Education Bill. Nominally a Catholic, he was dismissed from his teaching post at a Catholic college, and lost a lawsuit claiming wrongful dismissal. There are no indications so far of Russian or other foreign Communist activity in Kerala. On the other hand it is thought that Communism in this new and baffling form may well sweep through South and East India. Certain it is that neither the religious nor the other political parties will be able to stop it, while their present inefficiency and corruption continues. The Christians are excepted from these criticisms: but their position is weak, and they have very much to lose.

SAYED EL HASHIMI

THE SLUMS

MY years of experience before the last war as an Inspector of Housing and Town Planning in the Ministry of Health were very active and full of intense interest. The fact that I conducted over 150 Public Local Inquiries in the principal Town Halls throughout England and Wales, and inspected 35,000 slum dwellinghouses will, in itself, be sufficient to show how absorbed one can become in this work. In addition, I listened to at least four advocates who are now Her Majesty's Judges, together with the greatest advocate in the land, arguing cases on behalf of their clients, who might be the Local Authority on one hand or the property owner on the other. Now, in my retirement, when the question is sometimes put to me "What is a slum?" I hesitate to answer. The best reply I can give is that a slum is a dwellinghouse unfit for human habitation. In general terms, except for the land, it has no value and if demolished compulsorily, no compensation is payable. The principal Act concerned is the Housing Act of 1936. The word "slum" is not used in it, but in Section 187, Part VIII, there is a fairly wide definition of the defects which

comprise a slum and these include disrepair, sanitary defects, bad arrangement and falling short of the provisions of the bye-laws. Strangely enough, dirty conditions and infestation by vermin are not mentioned, but the Local Authorities include these as being sanitary defects and condemn buildings accordingly. Many thousands of clean houses have properly been demolished as slums.

It will be of interest to look at Sub-Section 2(1) of Part II of the Housing Act, 1936, reading as follows:—

“2(1) In any contract for letting for human habitation, a house at a rent not exceeding:—

(a) in the case of a house situate in the administrative County of London, forty pounds;

(b) in the case of a house situate elsewhere, twenty-six pounds; there shall, notwithstanding any stipulation to the contrary, be implied a condition that the house is at the commencement of the tenancy, and an undertaking that the house will be kept by the landlord during the tenancy, **IN ALL RESPECTS** reasonably fit for human habitation.”

This Section of the Act is not very widely known, otherwise there might be some serious implications. However, certain property owning interests saw the importance of it and took a test question to the House of Lords. The judgment of the Law Lords was that a broken sash-cord in the window of a front bedroom in a two-bedroomed house rendered the house not in all respects fit for habitation. A question in the House of Commons on March 2, 1943, asked if the Minister proposed taking any action because of the possible implications of this judgment. The answer was that the Minister was not prepared to introduce legislation which would limit the safeguards of tenants conferred by Section 2(1) of the Act of 1936 as it now stands. Therefore, in considering the question of what is a slum, the importance of this Section of the Act must not be overlooked. A broken sash-cord might well be the beginning of a slum within the meaning of the law.

The work of inspecting slum dwellings condemned to demolition by Local Authorities has to be very thorough, involving as it does all the rooms in every house and perhaps the life savings of an owner. During my inspection duties I had some strange and diverting experiences, not always pleasant. The cleanest slum dwelling I ever saw was in the industrial town of Widnes on the banks of the Mersey. Widnes is given up to the manufacture of chemicals, which is far from being a clean industry. The walls of the house were painted throughout in an ivory white shade of enamel, the floors had been scrubbed white with sand and wax-polished and the furnishings and bedding were spotless. “All done by the tenants themselves,” commented the Sanitary Inspector, “hospital clean!”—and it was. The tenants were Polish chemical workers. I have also seen houses approaching this condition of cleanliness amongst the Northern coal miners and have had tea with the tenants of more than one. Difficulties with local dialect often occurred. For instance, on Tyneside some of the tenants complained that they do not understand the B.B.C. announcers. One of my colleagues, distinguished by his politeness, was making an inspection there. The Sanitary Inspector introduced him to a particularly obtuse occupant. “Good morning, Madam,” he said to her as he doffed his hat.

The woman looked at him rather fiercely but made no reply. "I hope I am not troubling you unduly," the Inspector continued, and still the woman looked and said nothing. "I shall have to commence upstairs if that is convenient to you?" the Inspector inquired. The woman turned round and looking at the questioner, pinched the backside of the Sanitary Inspector, "What does the . . . say?" she facetiously inquired.

There is a widely held impression that the worst slums are in the East end of London. This is a mistaken impression. There are black spots in the East end, just as in all the large centres of population, but the slums in the industrial towns of the Midlands and North of England are worse than those in the East end of London. The worst slums are to be found in the dockland areas of the seaport towns, and these are often accentuated by the tenants being coloured people having a low standard of living conditions and hygiene, usually living with white women. Proposals by the Local Authorities to remove these slum-dwellers into new houses on the Councils' housing estates are often objected to by the sitting tenants, and the Local Authorities are faced with a grave difficulty. North and South Shields, Sunderland, Hull, Liverpool, Birkenhead, Bristol, Cardiff and Swansea—all have large areas of bad slums. The old back-to-back dwellings in Bradford, Birmingham, Sheffield and Leeds, are very bad indeed. Of these large centres of population Liverpool is the worst. In the dockland area there are many closed-in courts having three-storey dwellings built back-to-back. There is no available drying ground, so on washing day lines are strung across the solitary living room and, in fine weather, perhaps across the court. This is also the children's playground and there the accidents happen. It is a pathetic sight to see a child's funeral in the Irish dockland area of Liverpool. The rate of infantile mortality in these slum areas has been checked and found to be nearly three times the ordinary rate throughout England.

Taking the country as a whole, there is reliable evidence that 95 per cent of the slum dwellers when removed into new Council houses respond to the improved environment and keep their houses in good condition, particularly so in respect of the younger generation; the five per cent defaulters were usually old people whose lives have been such that improvement is now beyond their means and their comprehension. The young mothers usually dread having their children born and brought up in the bad conditions. One soon gets accustomed to the distinctive smell of bed bugs when entering a house and takes precautions accordingly. The bed bug is a very tenacious insect and is not easily exterminated. They live on human blood and can go without a meal for a long time. Infestation by bugs is, therefore, very widespread throughout the slums. Many tenants try by various means to get rid of them, only to find that their eggs hatch out in the cracks and crevices and a new brood descends upon them. An infusion of the deadly cyanide gas is one of the most effective methods of extermination. Several of the cities and large towns have developed this method, but great care must be exercised in its application. To the best of my knowledge, I never had a bed bug on me, but I have had fleas in plenty. Fortunately, they do not seem to like me very much. On one occasion, after a day's inspection of the slums in Liverpool, I undressed in the dry bath of my hotel. In the process of undressing in this way, the fleas jump off one's clothing to the white enamel

surface of the bath. With a piece of soap they can be dabbed and caught. I counted 27 fleas that evening. Of course, one had to have a complete change of clothing every evening during these inspections. How much this country is indebted to the great work of the Sanitary Inspectors in the clearance of some 230,000 slum dwellings in England and Wales and 62,600 in Scotland during the six years before the war, has never been appreciated. Owing to the shortage of houses, slum clearance was stopped at the outbreak of war, but has now been resumed in considerable volume. Two Acts supplementary to the principal Housing Act have been passed since the war. These are the Slum Clearance (Compensation) Act and also the Housing Repairs and Rent Act, 1954. Both Acts have had a considerable influence on slum clearance.

WILLIAM T. BOWMAN

MY FRIEND THE CAMEL

THE most philosophical (though the most despised and slandered) animal in the world is the camel. To begin with, he has such a distaste for living that he remains for eleven months in his mother's womb. intuitively aware, no doubt, how miserable is this vale of tears. Always phlegmatic, he never loses his temper, even under the worst provocations. In moments of passion, where the stallion would be dangerous, he spends a quarter of an hour with the she-camel, still with the far-away look in his eyes. His owner must rouse him with a clout of the club. The animal starts, groans, and returns to his eternal meditations until the next stroke. I must admit that my friend is not particularly goodlooking, with his triangular-shaped back and his long snake-like neck ending in a microscopic head, reminiscent of that of a stegosaurus. And he has an obnoxious smell, for he is often mangy. No one understands the camel, and like all misunderstood noble spirits, he utters from time to time loud protestations against the ugliness of life and the stupidity of man. In a staccato volley of moans and groans, he asks himself: "Who am I? Whither am I going? Why was I ever born? Why is this pigmy my master?" A shower of blows is all the reward for this philosophical search for truth. Like all philosophers, he has little interest in worldly goods. He dislikes elaborate food such as barley, oats, hay or dates, preferring the thorny bush, the drier and woodier the better. He is fond of the "hād," a ball-shaped shrub growing in the desert, with a bitter taste, salty and aromatic at the same time, but likes also the "diss," a thin-stemmed, leathery, rough plant. He does not disdain boughs, leaves, or even prickly thorns as hard and sharp as nails, such as those of the mimosa and gum-tree. These he picks with his leathery, pouting lips, as muscular and sensitive as a man's hand.

My friend does not eat all the grasses of the desert and dislikes some which would be a treat for sheep, disliking in winter what he likes in summer. Although he can fast for long periods, he must have a drink every ten days in winter and every three in summer. At a pinch he could do without a gulp for double the above lapses of time. Part of the moisture he gets from his food, although not much because he takes it so dry. As to the dew, it forms in deserts only for a night or two, after the scant rains, falling months apart. How does he do it? He conserves in his tissues nearly every droplet of the moisture he absorbs—and he can swallow 20 gallons at a

draught! His kidneys excrete a concentrated urine, and he needs work himself into a sweat only when his internal temperature rises above 40°C. Besides, his shaggy coat protects him from the withering desert-sun, much as his thick woollens protect the Arab. Even when the sun succeeds in dehydrating the beast, he will borrow from his own tissues the needed moisture. For all that, his circulatory system will not run out of moisture, the concentration in his blood-plasma remaining about the same. Thanks to such peculiarities he may lose as much as 25 per cent of his weight without being unduly bothered. The secret lies in the fact that the camel loses almost exclusively the fat stored in his hump, to the exclusion of vital tissues. His hump is a reservoir of energy. When he comes back from the pastures, it invades his whole back, but diminishes in direct ratio to the length of his journey. In bargaining for a camel the purchaser first looks at his hump, then at his teeth; the former tells him how much work he can do (it is a kind of pressure gauge), the latter his age. He is the desert yardstick for riches; more than once the Beduins have asked me "How many camels is your father worth?" My friend is subject to recurring calamities which he endures with fortitude. Every year he contracts the mange and may die of it unless properly treated with "atran," a kind of vegetable tar. He may also die from the bites of a gadfly. When he is wounded, he cannot be treated by ordinary antiseptic methods, for the rankling sore would infect the whole body. His wound must be cauterized with a hot iron, but he bears it bravely. When his feet are worn out, he needs not a farrier but a cobbler, for they are large, round and spongy, made for treading soft sand or smooth rock. They must not be shod with iron but patched with old leather.

The camel is a peculiarly Oriental animal. He cannot live long in stables. To keep fit, he needs the boundless spaces of the desert, scorching heat by day, freezing cold at night, and freedom. Only Orientals are good camel-drivers. They know how to cure him by their strictly non-scientific methods, they understand exactly how much work he can do, for, like all Oriental people, he is indolent by temperament. He is occasionally capable of excessive and protracted exertions, but cannot do a fixed amount of work every day all the year round. For six months in the year he must graze, absolutely idle, in the pastures. The word "pastures" is misleading if it opens up vistas of lush, green meadows, blessed with babbling rivulets. The desert "pastures" are dried beds of rivers, sheltered sand-dunes, corners or bottoms where grow occasional greyish tufts, looking more mineral than vegetable. The camel has to walk 50 paces between each mouthful. When the French organized a camel-corps to combat the Tuareg plunderers, swooping down on the caravans, they placed my friend in the same category as the horse or the ox, locking him up in a stable and feeding him on fodder. The result was a dreadful hecatomb of camels, for they protested in the only way open to them; they died by the thousand. To police the Sahara the French were obliged to recruit tribesmen, the Cha' ambas, mortal enemies of the Tuaregs, descended from ancient shepherds and warriors. Each has two service-camels; while one is on duty the other grazes the "pastures."

Now I must draw a distinction. My friend is the buff, humble beast of burden, forsaken by Allah and by man. As befits a thinker, the pack-camel walks slowly, at the rate of two miles per hour. Both Tuaregs and

Beduins loathe him. They are wont to say that his heart is as black as tar, and he is as mischievous as Satan. There is a grain of truth in this. Whenever the long-suffering, abused beast is fed up with the casualness of his master, he lets him have it in the form of a fine spray of the foulest and most-evil-smelling liquid on earth, stored in his stomach. And the fellow will take careful aim at the man's face. All the pride and love of both Tuaregs and Beduins are reserved for his first cousin, the racing-camel, a proud and arrogant animal called "mehari" in the Sahara and "hejn" in the Arabian Desert. My friend, Emir Nuri Sha'lan, Sheikh of Sheikhs of the mighty Rualla tribe, always on the move between Jordan and Syria, could trace the ancestry of his racing-camels right back to Mahomet's time. Such were splendid, well cared for animals, as white as the driven snow. The performances of the racing-camel are grossly exaggerated. As a general rule you must take with a pinch of salt what a fisherman says of his catches, a hunter of his bags, a cavalry-officer of his horse, and a Beduin of his camel. The nomads are wont to call their mounts "ashari," from the Arabic word for ten. They mean that their camel can cover ten stretches, that is 150 miles a day. Only the Oriental imagination which can ascribe 700 different names, images and endearments to the camel, the palm-tree rating 900, and the lion trailing a poor third with a measly 500.

To the best of my knowledge, only *one* feat of exceptional speed and endurance was ever controlled and duly recorded. A military messenger in the French Sahara brought a letter from Teggourt to Ouargla (a distance of 102 miles), to return the following evening with a sealed answer. Perhaps, some gifted "mehari" or "hejn" could duplicate, or even better, this performance. But afterwards the animal would be winded for a good many months or even would have to be slaughtered. In the experience of old desert officers an average "racing" camel is capable of covering 54 miles a day in the course of a long journey, and this, at the cost of slogging it out for 16 hours out of the 24. His body is like the bison's, heavy, almost of one piece, with nearly all its strength in the forequarters. His hindquarters are comparatively atrophied, and have none of the mighty muscle structure of the horse's buttocks, so suitable for the sudden contractions of the gallop and the jump. Therefore, as E. F. Gauthier, a specialist to whom I am indebted for some of these notes, has observed, the camel's natural walk is in a straight line. Over long distances a "mehari" can walk an average of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour, that is, almost double the pace of his first cousin the pack-camel. When hard pressed he can do at a jog-trot $5\frac{1}{2}$ or 6 miles per hour, but he cannot keep this up for more than a few hours. He can hardly gallop; the formation of his hindquarters make this almost impossible. After a hard and protracted training some camels can be taught to start at full gallop like the horse, but it is easy to see that this is not natural. It is a broken, automatic and spasmodic movement which he cannot maintain for more than half a mile.

His fastest pace is the long trot. This is the pace of the "fantasia" or daring camelship display, of the mad charge, or desperate flight, or a messenger dashing to fulfil an urgent mission. To compel the animal to keep up this gait the rider must cultivate a rankling sore on its neck and prick it ceaselessly with his wand. E. F. Gauthier believes that the long trot is so hard for the rider because it is unnatural to the animal. This is

so jerky, violent and irregular that the rider is obliged to compress tightly his stomach with a wide girdle to bear it. Here I imagine, is the origin of the allegation "camel-sickness," though it is far less acute than sea-sickness; but at a walk of a jog-trot camel-riding is far more comfortable than horse-riding. Instead of springing on the saddle, you swing backward and forward in a horizontal movement. Upon a "rahla" or camel-saddle, you are seated as on a chair. As there are stirrups, your feet rest upon the neck of your mount. Thus your feet should be bare or only shod in light Saharan sandals, going by the name of "naoul," consisting of a featherweight sole and two straps, one for the big toes, the other for the remaining four toes. Shoes and boots would hurt the neck of the animal after a time. You cannot use your knees and thighs to maintain a tight grip. It is a question of position and balance. Unlike horsemanship; it takes no previous training to ride.

Once the eternal controversy broke out in a mess between cavalry and "camelry" officers; which is the swifter, the camel or the horse? Two champions were selected, the best animals in their species in that corner of the Sahara, an Arab stallion going by the name of Pharek, and a white "mehari" called symbolically "El Bark"—Lighting. Each was heavily backed by his fanatical supporters, and a sandy, but firm, track was picked out in the Great Eastern Erg. For the first seven miles Pharek kept ahead; then he began to foam at the mouth, became more and more tired, and for all his eagerness to keep in the lead was compelled to slow down, while Daddy-Long-Legs was still fresh and forging steadily ahead in long strides. This test confirmed the pet theories of old Saharan hands that the long trot is not the natural pace of the camel. He is far more at ease in the jog-trot and, in the long run, his endlessly long legs, almost twice the length of the horse's, give him the advantage. For all that, when it comes to a long journey, give me a horse. The patient and stout-hearted animal can be relied upon to struggle to the last ounce of energy in his body, while the camel has not the same fight in him. More years ago than I care to remember, the racing-camel which was taking me across the Syrian desert stopped abruptly, knelt down, to expire without any previous warning, just like a snuffed out candle. One minute, he seemed no more tired than usual, to be gone the next—and me alone and a 100 miles from the nearest Rualla encampment.

MAURICE MOYAL

NICOLAS BERDYAEV

NICOLAS BERDYAEV is one of the most penetrating critics of our culture. Not only because his works are based on great knowledge and mental discipline, but also because they are animated by a human warmth and a sympathy for man which are often lacking in the treatises of "professional" philosophers. The emotional current flowing deeply under the surface of his words reminds us of that fine glow that permeates the books of Benedetto Croce. The latter searched the contents of history for manifestations of freedom and he discovered that actually human history presents a series of triumphant eruptions of man's will to freedom. Berdyaev in his book *The Meaning of History* devotes many pages to the problem of freedom and its significance in the development of man's spiritual being. Another of his volumes, *Freedom and the Spirit*, concentrates completely on this fundamental problem of man's existence.

Berdyaev, like Albert Schweitzer, is a Christian philosopher. Both come in their wanderings across the expanse of human thought to a re-affirmation of Christianity; both recognize in Christianity not only the most sublime attitude of a truly free man, but also the greatest revolution of the human race: an inner, spiritual revolution. Both Schweitzer and Berdyaev are, so to speak, unorthodox Christians: they do not belong to any acknowledged and established Christian Church. Both search for truth and a living faith of Christ across, as it were, various religions and churches.

Berdyaev's philosophy, in spite of its mental discipline, is permeated by an emotional rhythm which adds to the richness of his thought. He observes with loving sympathy man's struggles and defeats; he realizes the inherent tragedy of man torn between great ambitions and desires which cannot be fulfilled. He is rather pessimistic about man's nature; but he never reaches nihilistic conclusions or revels in pictures of catastrophe. His is a dramatic vision of continuous fight within the man himself, between the elements of good and evil; and the stressing of the element of fight lends to his philosophy a sense of dynamism—and of hope. Like Schweitzer he wants to reconcile the anti-thesis of science and faith, of knowledge and religion. But while Schweitzer comes to the conclusion that every science ends in agnosticism, and that we have to make a completely different start with the mysterious nucleus of faith which persists in our heart, a start, as it were, independent of any science and knowledge, Berdyaev believes in the possibility of spanning the gulf between science and religion by a bridge of good will.

The search after the meaning of history leads Berdyaev to the subject of the crisis of our culture. The Russian thinker is not a believer in the theory of automatic progress. He shares the opinion of the German historian Eduard Meyer that mankind's progress does not offer the picture of a steadily rising road or gradient, but can rather be compared to a mountain panorama with a succession of peaks rising above deep-cut valleys. Berdyaev energetically opposes any idea of a mechanical progress of mankind. Such an idea appears to him sterile and void, for it does not take into consideration the problem of man's effort. Each epoch's value ultimately depends on man's capacity to create; there is no such thing as an automatic urge to progress. Every inch of man's advance must be paid for in man's creative effort.

Berdyaev is of the opinion that the idea of progress blunders also in the assumption that a golden era will be established, a sort of millennium beside which all former achievement will pale. Such a Utopian dream is for Berdyaev a completely wrong assumption, based on a lack of reverence for our past which is the blood of our present. The past surrounds our senses and minds, it is the clay from which our future is to be shaped. Whether we like it or not, we wade knee-deep in the river of the past, in the current of time; and the fanatics of the idea of progress do not understand either the mystery of time which flow through our veins and minds, or the sense of history which is, after all, founded on and circumscribed by time. Happiness on this earth seems to be almost a contradiction in itself. Berdyaev does not go so far as Schweitzer, who acquiesces in the pessimistic verdict of Schopenhauer that "life is suffering." To Berdyaev life is a continuous drama of man's soul; for man tries to bridge the eternal antimony of time and eternity to jump across the river of time,

of eternal passing. But this inner drama, this "polaric tension"—and of its existence Hermann von Keyserling was deeply aware; moreover he thought that this "polaric tension" was the very source of man's creativeness—are necessary conditions of man's existence.

Berdyayev, who ardently champions the cause of man's freedom, perceives grave dangers for it along the path of the ideal of an automatic progress. He also sees those dangers in all egalitarian ideas. Like many other thinkers who have pondered on the sense of egalitarianism and equality, Berdyayev perceived in it a direct challenge to the very idea of liberty. For equality when pushed to its extreme limits does assume the form of a barrack-like uniformity. He analyzes the history of mankind *sub specie* of the idea of liberty. He professes the view that the world of classic antiquity was one of limited horizons. The idea of universalism was born with the advent of Christianity. The very limitations of the Greek mental and spiritual world facilitated the task of architecture and sculpture, truly glorious expressions of the limited world of the senses. The Greek world was also lacking in that tragic tension which results from a cleavage between our desires and our achievements. The destiny was decided beforehand: the Fates were holding the strings and there was hardly any chance for man to escape the ready-made verdicts of Heaven. The man of the classic era was not free; there is hardly any conception of free will in ancient Greece. The man of antiquity was firmly embedded in the stream of nature.

Berdyayev claims that Christianity has brought to mankind an invaluable gift: it declared that man is equipped with a free will. The Christian world, says Berdyayev, is above all a free world. And being so, it must recognize the duality of good and evil: and the choice between those two elements is left to man's free will and desire. This struggle between good and evil must go on until the end of our world. For this is the most fundamental conflict in a world set free by God. And as God does not suppress but sets free, so He did not suppress evil; He left both forces to play and to fight on this tragic globe; it is for us to make the choice, it is up to us to enable the forces of good to prevail. Christianity liberates man from the stream of nature. Man, by liberating himself from her black magic, becomes really free. The man of classic antiquity could not embark upon a real conquest of nature, for he was afraid of its potential revenge on the trespasser; and he did not believe himself superior to the forces of nature. Real knowledge sprang from the advent of Christianity, for all science boils down to the conquest of nature. Only the man who tries to oppose nature and recognizes himself as different from nature, can understand her inner working. He does, however, perceive the dangers from which medieval thought failed to steer clear. He is enthusiastic about the Middle Ages; he is of the opinion—and this his thesis is one of the most interesting in his whole philosophy of culture—that the Middle Ages performed a signal service to humanity by preserving the mental and spiritual forces of man: by avoiding dissipation these energies were allowed to blossom to fullness in the Renaissance. The Middle Ages bequeathed to our culture two ideals: that of the monk and that of the knight, both formative ideas of enormous importance. Both are essentially based on self-restraint and moral discipline; both arose from the ascetic urge. Still, medieval thought was unable to reconcile man to nature and that set man against nature; the Middle

Ages condemned the very sources of existence, the very urges from which human life arises. Thus a dangerous rift was produced between man's natural instincts and the ascetic ideal: a rift which is responsible for planting the ideas of carnal sin too deeply in man's mind.

Berdyaev criticizes—and justly—the attitude of some historians (such as Jacob Burckhardt), who perceived in the Renaissance only the rebirth of the classical thought and a return to ancient Greece and Rome. He considers the Renaissance a much more complex phenomenon. Christian thought cannot be separated from the Renaissance period. It is deeply rooted there; and this crossing, so to speak, of the classical world with Christian thought produced the incomparable drama of the Renaissance era. Because, in spite of all appearances to the contrary, there were already in that era seeds of the tragic knowledge of the modern times. True, there were geniuses who created as if possessed by some divine power; they did not ask about the aims and ends of their creation, they simply obeyed the urge to create. But there appeared some artists who were fully aware of the tragic rift between time and eternity, conscious of the drama that torments modern man: the tragedy of dissatisfaction, of unsatiety, of the feeling of frustration, of constant imperfection, of the collapse of the highest authority: the Supreme Being.

"Man's self-affirmation leads to his perdition," he states in his *The Meaning of History*, "the free play of human forces unconnected with any higher aim brings about the exhaustion of man's creative powers." This was the fate which befell the man of the Renaissance who created the ideal of humanism threatened today by the converging forces of our materialistic culture. Today this man who was born to the modern world in the Renaissance era seems himself dangerously exhausted; our culture complains of sterility—and this is largely due to the lack of any metaphysical foundation, to our severed allegiance to God. The Socialist doctrine is unlikely to prove a panacea for the ills of mankind. Socialism is right, says Berdyaev, when it accuses Capitalism of drying up the sources of man's spirituality and of advancing the debasing Gospel of money and success. Socialism enters on ground already spiritually impoverished by Capitalism. But unfortunately the creed which Marx offers to mankind is also based on materialistic concepts. That is why Socialism cannot be regarded as a way to mankind's rebirth; it may constitute a passing phase in the spiritual development of human society (a similar belief is expressed by von Keyserling). We have been witnessing the complete bankruptcy of the ideals hitherto created by mankind. Christianity, being also a creation of time, although expressing a timeless and deathless principle, shares this universal collapse. "It is true," states Berdyaev, "that Christianity shared the collapse of every other historical process. Two thousand years have not sufficed to realize the ideals of Christian faith and consciousness. They will never be realized within the framework of human time and history. They can only be realized by a victory over time, by a transition from time to eternity, by the triumphant passage from the historical to super-historical process." He defends Christianity against the malicious attacks of those who rejoice in its failure; "the failure," he says, "is not of Christian absoluteness and truth, which neither time nor hell can destroy, but simply the failure inseparable from material relations, from disintegrated time and terrestrial conditions." In the eternal aspiring towards the impossible

and unattainable—in which, incidentally, Joseph Conrad perceived the greatest privilege and the greatest misfortune of mankind—Berdyaev sees the essence of our struggle on this earth; and this is, according to him, the greatest privilege granted by God: man's fight against evil, his tragic freedom of choice.

Z. A. GRABOWSKI.

MONET THE PAINTER POET

CLAUDE-OSCAR MONET was born in Paris on November 14, 1840. His father had a grocery business which proved unprofitable and so the family moved to Le Havre and joined forces with Madame Monet's brother, a successful ship-chandler and grocer. As a boy Monet showed talent as a caricaturist, but it was not until he met the painter Eugene Boudin that he began painting in earnest. Boudin persuaded the young caricaturist to take up landscape painting and to work out of doors. This was a revelation for the boy who felt, he said, "as if a veil had been torn from my eyes. I understood. I grasped what painting was capable of being. My destiny as a painter opened up before me." To see one's destiny at the age of seventeen is a somewhat startling and precocious experience, but Monet never wavered in his intentions or his career. He was remarkably fortunate in meeting Boudin whose sea-scapes were revolutionary in their modest way and also in coming across some Japanese prints which must have influenced his sense of design and planning. Monet had little to learn now though he studied for a while in Paris and met the promising talents of the time: Bazille, Pissarro, Jongkind, Renoir, Sisley, among others. His parents did not approve of his choice of career nor did they approve of his taking a mistress. Yet he remained undaunted, never hesitating in his work, enduring great poverty and all the insults and hardships to which the unsuccessful are accustomed. He never quite turned his back on academic success and, from 1865, his pictures were sometimes accepted by the Salon. In 1870, unable to pay his hotel bill and not caring to fight for the Empire, he left France and came to England where he painted scenes on the Thames and in London parks. In London he was joined by Pissarro, and the two artists studied paintings by Constable and Turner in the National Gallery and South Kensington Museum. This year was a turning-point in his career, for several of his works were bought by the dealer Durand-Ruel who from then onwards never ceased his efforts to secure recognition for his work.

Naturally keen on recognition Monet persuaded several of his fellow artists to form a society which would hold exhibitions in the former studio of the photographer Nadar. The first of these exhibitions was held from April 15 to May 15, 1874, and was an unrelieved failure. Yet the exhibition had one striking result. Monet showed five paintings, one of them entitled *Impression*. The critics seized on this name and henceforth the group had the title Impressionists. A title, derogatory or otherwise; brings with it no automatic financial success but it does provide the public with a quick and popular means of recognition. Monet and his friends had arrived; the public knew about them; they were the Impressionists; strange, difficult, unusual as they were, the public knew of their existence and could identify their work. The exhibitions continued to prove failures until 1879 when

the exhibition made a profit and the public showed itself far less antagonistic. Yet Monet still lived in poverty, sometimes with insufficient money to buy materials, sometimes with a little money with which to travel and paint fresh scenes. Little by little his financial situation improves so that he could by a home and large garden in 1890. He was then fifty, an age at which many men have retired comfortably from the business worlds never having known the intolerable neglect and bitter poverty that he knew too well. In the autumn of his life he was able to live and work in security and was everywhere admired as a great artist. He never ceased painting; always there were new obstacles to overcome, new ideas, new visions stretching far before him. His sight frequently failed him but he was unable to rest and almost until his death in 1926 he continued to paint.

When, in 1874, the critics labelled Monet as an Impressionist they were not entirely mistaken. Nor was he mistaken in entitling his work *Impression*, because to give the immediate impression of a landscape was his aim. He was an Impressionist, only as he grew older he evolved into an artist of a very different kind. This evolution is of extraordinary interest—largely because it is generally held that he was never anything more than a superb impressionist and that, in fact, he degenerated into the decorative painter of immense and worthless panels of water-lilies. This view of Monet as a master of the immediate is summed up in the well-known comment attributed to Degas: "Monet is only an eye—but what an eye." The time has surely come to prove its falseness as a final judgment on this great artist.

The recent exhibition at Edinburgh provides a chance to see the full glory of Monet's achievement. Many great works are missing but there are more than enough to guide us in our assessment. Firstly we are struck by the limited range of interests. He could and did paint still-life though lacking the control of form shown by Cezanne or the appetizing lusciousness of such a lesser artist as Fantin-Latour. Still-life did not interest him. As for portraits it is hard to suppose that his reputation will ever rest on them. He seems to have disliked the fiddling intricacies involved in painting a hand or folds of drapery; and he was quite unable to breathe into them that undeniable insistent life that is the heavenly gift of the great portraitists. There was no pulsating life, no atmosphere in a collection of objects arbitrarily selected and placed together; nor was there any pleasure in tackling the psychological implications necessarily involved in portraiture. The portrait of Madame Monet in Japanese robes is a clumsy heavy work quite lacking the delicacy of Whistler's Japanese-style portraits; it stifles in the same way as do the claustrophobic photographs of well-furnished French houses of the period. It seems as if objects and persons had no interest for him they demanded an obedience, a fidelity, a form of self-surrender which he could not give. Nature was his first love and his last.

Though painting came as second nature to Monet, this very facility was not without its dangers. Deep in Provence, Cezanne was able to hew out a style for himself; in isolation Van Gogh did his best work; Monet was always in the centre of a group of artists. At times he seems distinctly chameleon-like absorbing the styles he most admires. Corot, Boudin, Jongkind, Courbet and Renoir all influence his style, and the composition of many of his works is certainly derived from the Japanese prints he so much admired. By nature he was gifted with an almost incredible gift of

colour perception, an incredible gift of analysing landscapes into tones and harmonies. This natural gift was at odds with his impressionist technique. For instance, in his early work he frequently outlines figures and objects in black, and effect which does not exist in nature but which is useful in the composition of a picture and also in giving a sense of dimension; but in his later work he entirely abandons this trick because it was so much at odds with his true perception of the colours and light of nature. He said "Colour is my day-long obsession, joy and torment. To such an extent indeed that one day, finding myself at the death-bed of a woman who had been and still was very dear to me, I caught myself analysing the succession of appropriately graded colours which death was imposing on her motionless face. There were blue, yellow, grey tones—tones I cannot describe. That was the point which I had reached." At the same time this delight in and love of colour drove him dangerously near work which bordered on the merely pretty or excessive, notably in his landscapes of southern France and the Italian Riviera when the evocative, swirling style of Renoir is coupled with an abandonment to excessively bright colours.

As Renoir grew older he escaped these dangers and went his own difficult and joyous way. The road of evolution and development was a triumphant one despite these dangers and the achievement of those years essentially poetic. From about 1869 he was able to seize upon a landscape and tear out its essential heart. Fluttering leaves, shimmering water, women rowing, the wind surging through a cornfield, poplars yielding against the breeze—all these subjects and more were within his province. It is strange that when he did paint a scene involving psychological comment as in *Men unloading Coal* the effect is strangely wooden and not unlike the effect of a Japanese woodcut. Mankind was only incidental to his art. A glorious, radiant sun breaking through a heavy evening sky or the lazy warmth of a beach needed no comment, only interpretation; there was a poetry there undefined by man. Perhaps this gift of grasping the poetry of a scene is best seen in *In the Garden* in which a table is laid for afternoon tea; the hot afternoon sun beats lazily on the gravel paths and strikes through the trees; the white table cloth and the blue china remain cool and inviting; a child plays languidly in the shade of the table; all is still and quiet; mankind is round the corner, and nothing can destroy the tranquility of this privileged moment. Equally Monet could face the interior of a railway station, trains bursting through a tunnel, vast clouds of smoke and steam, dirty iron girders—industrialism did not dismay him and he could instantly find its poetry. He seems to sing as happily as a thrush on a warm spring morning. Monet was never merely an eye; he was a poet into whose hands the fairies stuck a paint-brush instead of a pen.

As he grew older this poetic gift became truly visionary. The celebrated views of Rouen cathedral are utterly unlike his earlier work; even the technique has been transformed. The texture of the painting is like sand or stone, almost approximating to the buildings; the colour is that of some incredibly lovely building glimpsed from afar, a kind of *cathédrale engloutie* seen beneath the waves. Venice shimmers on its lagoons, opalescent, iridescent, like a landscape viewed through mother-of-pearl. A magic key has been granted to Monet and he passes beyond reality into a world of essential loveliness. When he comes to paint London he no longer sees its limpid skies, its green parks, the social life of the city; his vision trans-

forms it into a dream city such as it appeared to Rimbaud in his *Illuminations*. The Houses of Parliament, Westminster Bridge, the Thames, float amid green fogs and vapours; the river becomes vast and endless and tiny boats float in meaningless passage on its green waters; the Houses of Parliament loom in enormous significance, vast, magnificent and menacing. Finally he comes to investigate his own garden. Everywhere teems vegetation: irises, water-lilies, creepers, trees, water-weeds, but there is also peace and absolution. On the calm blue waters float the water-lilies, perfect and absolute, symbols of resignation, peace and harmony.

From reality Monet progresses to poetry, to the capture of the essential poetry, atmosphere, life of a scene; from poetry he evolves to vision and a kind of spiritual peace for which there is no definition. If this vision is tormented, radiant or nightmarish, as when he comes to paint such opposing cities as London and Venice, it is also full of spiritual contentment, as when he looks into the waters of his own lake and sees ultimate harmony in the water-lilies which form a kind of spiritual Nirvana. It is this evolution which many people find so puzzling and which has denied him his just measure of appreciation. He did not degenerate from Impressionism; he transcended it and passed through into an unexplored world of his own. The recognition of this evolution cannot be long delayed; it is certainly long overdue.

ALAN BIRD.

FIRES OF NOVEMBER

*As I look back I see the smoke arise
From gardens, slip between the trees
Like summer's ghosts;
She mocks us as she dies
With lingering flowers,
Leaves a laugh to lift
Among the dancing flames,
Or tricks
The foolish thrush to song;
Such tender games
Hold summer's requiem the winter long,
Still will her witches and her warlocks fly
Under the moon's cold eye,
Leave in the embers patterns of desire
Warmer than fire,
Or, infinitely sly,
Alight to taunt us with a rose
That frost will snap and seize
Ere it uncloze.*

BERYL KAYE

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

A VETERAN LIBERAL

Twelve years ago Lord Samuel told his own story in a modest autobiography, and Mr. Bowle adds a good deal of information in a balanced biography, without purple patches, fireworks or frills. That is just how the veteran statesman and thinker, who has no taste for drums and trumpets, would desire. No one has ever accused him of playing to the gallery, for he is completely free from the histrionic poses which come naturally to such supermen as Lloyd George and Winston Churchill. Here is the story of a man of exceptional efficiency and complete disinterestedness, endowed with a singularly lucid and well-stored mind, turning the opportunities of birth and fortune to good account. First-class administrators are always in demand, and when they also possess constructive ideas they are beyond price. He has earned honourable mention in the annals of our century and has conferred fresh lustre on the gifted race to which he belongs. Though he never wears his heart on his sleeve and never allows his emotions or his tongue to run away with him, he has been motivated throughout his long career by a quiet and quenchless passion for the service of his fellows.

Lord Samuel's Liberalism, embraced in youth and expounded in his first book, retains the generous idealism inherited from Fox and Gladstone, and is completely free from the complacent Victorian doctrine of *laissez-faire* which satisfied the middle classes from the Reform Bill of 1832 till the Liberal victory of 1906. As a young Member of that famous and fruitful Parliament the reviewer witnessed his early ministerial career and admired his piloting of the Children's Charter through the House, a reform which has greatly contributed to the health and happiness of the nation and which ranks among the pillars of the Welfare State. When the stresses of the First World War overthrew the Liberal Government and irrevocably shattered the Liberal party, he, like almost all his Liberal colleagues, took his stand with Asquith, to whom he was temperamentally far closer than to the dynamic Welshman who proceeded to conduct the nation's orchestra.

To some readers the most interesting portion of the book will be the three chapters on Lord Samuel's work as the first High Commissioner for Palestine, an assignment after his own heart. Nobody who knew him feared that his unwavering loyalty to his race would render him unfair or unsympathetic to the Arabs, for, like every genuine Liberal, he is as free from racial as from class prejudice. Loving his work, he earned the respect and gratitude of both races, and set the feet of the Palestinians, newly emancipated from the blighting Turkish yoke, on the path which has led to sovereign independence. Few things in his public career have afforded him more satisfaction than the foundation and steady growth of the Hebrew University at Jerusalem.

Summoned after his years in the Middle East to mend the broken crockery of the Liberal party, he was confronted with a task beyond his powers. It was too late. Asquith was old and weary, Lloyd George was too deeply distrusted by most of his former colleagues, and many Liberals in despair had joined up with Conservatives or Labour according to taste. His next parts were played on a larger stage, first as Chairman of the Coal Commission, and secondly when the National Government was formed in 1931 to deal with the financial crisis. His sanity and clarity of vision impressed the King, and in his capacity as Home Secretary he helped to launch the new experiment. It was his last political office, for when Neville Chamberlain implemented his father's dream of a return to Protection, he and his fellow-Liberals resigned. While his old colleagues Simon and Runciman deserted the Free Trade cause, Lord Samuel, the most consistent of men, declined to haul down the flag. In the agonizing controversy over the appeasement policy, he sided with the Prime Minister

who, in gratitude, invited him without success to enter the Cabinet.

Almost two decades have elapsed since the fateful journeys of our peace-loving Prime Minister, and Liberals have witnessed little to encourage them in the clash of arms and ideologies. Lord Samuel, describing himself neither as an optimist nor a pessimist, but, to use George Eliot's convenient label, as a meliorist, never despairs of humanity. He has found occupation and consolation in his philosophical, religious and scientific studies which have borne fruit in *Belief and Action* and other treatises. Anchored in the fundamental pieties of his race, but disliking fetters in the world of ideas as heartily as coercion in the world of action, he has shed whatever he regards as incompatible with modern science and modern thought. He emerges, like so many of the finest minds of our time, as an undogmatic idealist, an apostle, like his valued friend Sir Francis Younghusband, of co-existence, convinced that none of the historic religions possesses a monopoly of truth.

G. P. GOOCH

Viscount Samuel. By John Bowle. Gollancz. 30s.

THE LIBERAL CONSCIENCE

In a modern society where complications multiply by compound interest the Liberal policy maker is faced with a daunting dilemma; for complexity produces problems and conflicts, and the Liberal must find a means of resolving these without sacrificing the ideal of individual liberty which must be the essential tenet of his creed. When the Socialist or the Tory is faced with an uneconomic over-population of one town, only his potential loss of votes may prevent him from advocating strong measures for moving the surplus numbers to an unsequestered nook of undeveloped area. But the Liberal in the same situation must face his conscience as well as his constituency; he must always be sure in his own mind that he is not sacrificing the liberty of the individual to the "good" of the community. This is the dilemma which a distinguished group of Liberal contributors have had continually before them in producing this very alive and eminently readable series of essays.

At a time when it is fashionable to question the existence of any real difference between Socialist and Conservative it is interesting to be provided with a picture of what a Liberal State would be like. Would it be any different? According to this book it could. At present both the main parties are committed to the Welfare State. The Liberals view the Welfare State as an over-complex mechanism for redistributing income which results in excessive cost to the consumer and an unhealthy cushioning of individual responsibility. It is therefore distrusted by Liberals who, though they hold with equality of property, have no brief for equality of income which they fear may present a serious discouragement to initiative in the more talented individual.

"Liberty of the individual" is, however, taken to include freedom from starvation and disease and the writers are therefore in favour of limited State welfare assistance which would guarantee that the sick and the aged were cared for and that children were educated to a minimum standard, but would throw the responsibility for comprehensive attention to these matters upon the individual parents and relatives concerned. Thus a minimum pension could be paid to old people and any increase above this would be subject to a Means Test. It would appear that schools would be returned to private enterprise and merely be inspected to ensure that sufficiently high standards were maintained. They admit that the Health Service should remain a state concern, but suggest that it should be decentralized and financed by local authorities in order to preserve interest and experience in democratic government in the provinces.

This Liberal emphasis on individual responsibility is a useful discipline for us all but its achievement turns upon some drastic proposals. The authors are aware that to lower the pension would not be sufficient to persuade families to support their aged at the expense of their "standard of living," "consumer

durables" or whatever the current jargon for comfier homes may be. It is wise to recognize that some men are incapable of fulfilling their moral duties if they lack the direction and possibility of public sanction which a sense of community provide. The authors are at pains to point out that present-day conurbations are uneconomic, but what they are really trying to stress is that present-day city life can have a lamentable lack of social purpose and communal feeling. Too many people are content to be unknown to their neighbours, and, for that reason, have little or no care for what their neighbours think about their actions; the result being that they feel that there is a reduced need for them to care for themselves.

For this and other reasons the authors have sought, in a bold chapter, to plan the resettling of five million inhabitants from the major cities of Britain in new towns in undeveloped areas. This is, of course, a most desirable prospect; but the weapons which the Liberals would allow themselves would, unfortunately, be woefully inadequate to the task. These would consist only of removing the subsidies at present paid on flats as opposed to houses, varying National Insurance contributions from one district to another and establishing a discrimination tax on fuel. But there are snags here too. First, it is doubtful whether these would be sufficient inducements and secondly there is no mention made of how successful New Towns are in their turn to be circumscribed. It is difficult to see how the Liberals could avoid adopting extremely vigorous controls, not to speak of direction of labour and eviction orders to accomplish their aims. These would hardly be compatible with their championship of individual freedom.

The dilemma of the modern Liberal Party seems to me to be that which Lord Lindsay attributed to Liberals of the French Revolution. "A nation that is cleaning out an Augean stable and at the same time fighting for its life does not want limits set to the power of its government." Too many checks and balances prevent any movement at all. Today we are fighting for our economic survival while laying the foundations of social justice. Perhaps it is because so much Liberal thought is irrelevant to those twin objectives that Liberal activity in Parliament seems so strangely moribund.

JAMES E. MACCOLL

The Unserving State. Edited by George Watson. George Allen & Unwin. 21s.

CHINESE COMMUNISM

It is remarkable how much the Chinese Communists have revealed about their doings since they conquered China. Their preference for percentages rather than actual figures obscures their claims of economic progress. But those who have closely followed their edicts, Ministerial speeches and semi-official newspapers have found in them a full picture of Communist China in the past eight years. This is the basis of Mr. Gluckstein's book. Every statement is supported by references to Chinese sources; the whole is a most interesting and valuable footnote to history down to the beginning of 1927, and throws light on the new phase on which China appears now to have entered.

Undoubtedly Mao Tse-tung and his comrades, who till they reached Peking had never administered more than a small primitive town in a remote province, have achieved much—a stable currency, new railways, at least a good start in taming China's wild rivers, and organized (police) government throughout the land. But much has still to be done to put solidity behind the façade of China as a world Power. The peasants, on whom Mr. Gluckstein's pages are particularly informing, are the keynote. Collectivization is the mainspring of industrial growth, but it contends with two as yet unsolved problems—the sheer geographical nature of China, complicated by woeful deforestation; and the peasant's protest that the land given him by the State is now to be taken away, and that if he grows more he should eat more. Before land reform the *New China News Agency* said that the peasant's annual rent to landlords totalled

30 million tons of grain; in 1956 State taxes and enforced collection of grain amounted to 52 millions. Po I-po, Minister of Finance, admitted that 3,000 rural cadres had been killed by peasants when collecting the levy.

Urban workers are harshly disciplined. Once the foreign merchants had been driven out by their exorbitant demands, their wages were cut down and stringent regulations enforced to get the utmost work from them. Chinese merchants and manufacturers were almost fawned upon while their help was needed for the currency reform. Then their wealth was stripped by the savage "five anti's" campaign. ("anti" tax-evasion, bribery, misuse of State property, etc.). They are now being corralled in State private enterprise concerns, with the knowledge that in time the State will own all means of production.

Mr. Gluckstein overlooks the humiliating ideological reform and public confessions forced upon world-known Chinese scholars. His description of the elected National People's Congress as "practically only of ceremonial value" hardly accords with the 370 grievance resolutions it adopted at last year's session (240 more this year), which extracted substantial concessions in wages and dealings with manufacturers from the Government. And his reflections on Russo-Chinese relations may be questioned. Admittedly China depends largely on Russia for industrial help, and pays through the nose for it. But long before this year, China had substantially undermined Russia's grip on Sinkiang and Inner Mongolia. There is much evidence that she is no longer the poor relation but perhaps something more than equal partner in the alliance. But these criticisms in no way detract from the great merit of Mr. Gluckstein's book.

Mao's China. By Ygael Gluckstein. Allen & Unwin. 40s.

O. M. GREEN

NORTHERN IRELAND AT WAR

"This lamentable and amazing episode," Mr. Churchill called the action of his predecessor in the Premiership for handing over to Mr. de Valera's Government the ports and naval facilities which had been reserved to the United Kingdom under the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921. Meant as an act of goodwill, it proved to be a costly piece of folly, because Mr. de Valera unhesitatingly refused to allow Britain the use of the ports when war came, and the pressures of the United States were useless. Indeed, one can see some sense in this denial—if his neutrality were to be preserved. Had the ports not been surrendered, Eire's neutrality would not have been compromised by the Royal Navy's use of them. The consequence of Mr. Chamberlain's act of gratuitous appeasement was that the importance of Northern Ireland was enormously enhanced. Londonderry became the largest escort base in the United Kingdom, Belfast Lough the assembly harbour for huge convoys destined for America and Murmansk, and the whole Northern seaboard "bristled with air, naval and anti-aircraft defences." Throughout the province vast aerodromes were built for British and American use.

But there was more than strategical usefulness, and this official history relates in much detail how devotedly Northern Ireland served. Food production was immensely increased to help feed Britain, and the industrial effort, fortified by long experience especially in shipbuilding, was unstinting. The province became an important centre for the manufacture of aircraft. Professor Blake tells of the vital part played by Northern Ireland in the Battle of the Atlantic. Impressive too was the contribution of Ulster's sons on the battlefield. Although many were dispersed throughout the services generally, the distinctively Irish regiments like the Royal Ulster Rifles and the Royal Inniskilling Dragoons fought magnificently in many theatres. They were, at Louvain, at Dunkirk, in Burma, North Africa, Sicily, Italy, Germany. Professor Blake's careful narrative written with access to the official documents, is necessarily factual, restrained, but the reality of Lord Craigavon's celebrated words in a 1940 broadcast to the British people:

"We are King's men, and we shall be with you to the end," is tangible.

Those hostile to Northern Ireland because of their too gullible acceptance of anti-partition propaganda have often sneered that the province was not conscripted. The Northern Government keenly wanted conscription, but there was opposition from many sides. Nationalists and Roman Catholic prelates in the province thought the war a British affair and were bitterly hostile to conscription, and it was certain that compulsion would cause many Nationalists of military age to flee to Eire. Some English papers, outstandingly the *Manchester Guardian*, were strongly against it, as was the United States and the Australian Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, because of the influence of the expatriate Irish, traditionally liable to be anti-British. Mr. Winant, American Ambassador, believed that policing the border between Northern Ireland and Eire could have absorbed as many men as conscription would have brought in. The Nationalists held vast and emotional demonstrations on the critical week-end when the matter was being considered in London. The War Cabinet concluded that the attempt would not be worth the trouble, but it was always the Northern Government's view that conscription could be and should be applied. This record shows how splendidly Northern Ireland gave freely.

FLORENCE O'DONOGHUE

Northern Ireland in the Second World War. By John W. Blake. Her Majesty's Stationery Office, Belfast. 30s.

WAR HISTORY

Professor J. R. M. Butler has contributed the second volume in the series of six volumes on *Grand Strategy** in the official *History of the Second World War*. Volume Two is a massive work covering the period from the outbreak of war until the German invasion of Russia in June, 1941. The narrative "is based mainly on official sources to which we have been allowed full access." References to documents not open to public inspection are not normally included. It is satisfactory to know that "full references are however printed in a confidential edition which should be available to students whenever the archives are opened."

This volume is concerned with central organization, planning and direction of the war at top level. The collapse of France, the defence of Britain and the chequered war efforts overseas during the initial period when Britain and the Commonwealth stood alone are narrated and discussed from the viewpoint of the Prime Minister, the War Cabinet, the Defence Committee and the Chiefs of Staff. From May, 1941, Sir Winston Churchill was the dynamic driving force of the national struggle. Professor Butler concludes, however, that he "did not in this early period of the war show greatness as a strategist in the narrower sense. The main characteristic of his cherished projects was audacity, and in his impatience he was apt to mistake criticism by professional knowledge and experience for timidity and inertia." "In larger issues his instincts were sound" and he showed greatness in foresight and concentration on essential points. "Above all he was great as an energiser, keying the whole people—Ministers, commanders, officials, fighting men, factory workers and sufferers in the devastated cities—up to the highest pitch of effort and endurance."

*H.M. Stationery Office. Volume II, 42s.

ARNOLD DE MONTMORENCY

ARCHITECTURAL HISTORY

Simpson's *History of Architectural Development* was first published more than sixty years ago. Since then, the pattern of ancient and classical architectural history has been changed and complicated by the findings of continuous archaeological research. As Dr. Plommer points out, in his Preface, it is an odd reflection that, in Simpson's day, neither Tell el 'Amarna, model city of the unorthodox Pharaoh Akhnaton, nor Delos, island treasury of the Delian Confederacy, had yet been unearthed. An even stranger consideration is that, up to that time, there had been little or no realisation of the rich Minoan

culture of Crete, still less of its connection with the older and more advanced Sumerian civilisation of Mesopotamia. Dr. Plommer's task of revision was therefore considerable. The outcome is virtually a new work, conceived on an altered plan.

The first volume of the original edition spanned the years from the monuments of the Memphite kingdom of the fourth millennium to the circular churches and baptisteries of twelfth century Italy. Dr. Plommer's survey, taking much the same starting point, concludes with a short chapter on the transformation of classical architecture in the fourth century. His book is divided into three main parts. The first section deals mainly with Egyptian architecture but it includes subordinate treatises on Sumerian, Assyrian, later Babylonian and other Prehellenic styles. The second part, devoted to Greece, contains the longest and perhaps best chapter in the book, an exhaustive analysis of the Greek orders. The final chapters trace the gradual emergence of the Roman style, with a full account of Roman building methods, up to the time of the High Empire. Thus, the sections on Early Christian, Romanesque and Byzantine architecture which appeared in the previous edition are omitted and reserved for consideration in the second volume. The content of the new version is all the more fully informative, not only because it embodies all the major results of recent archaeological research, but because Dr. Plommer, following and improving on Simpson's precedent, has written especially for those who have small Latin and less Greek coupled with a scanty knowledge of ancient history. Consequently, he has been at pains to set the political scene as a prelude to each phase of the book's three sections. Furthermore, his presentation of the matter is highly concentrated and, although he writes with the utmost clarity, the style is condensed and punctuated with closely detailed description. Both subject and manner need the support of illustrations and there is an adequate provision of photographs, plans and line drawings.

It has been said that architectural history provides more entertainment for amateurs than instruction for the practising architect. If it is true that there is a decline of interest in the history of the subject among the profession, it is certain that there is fairly wide and alert enthusiasm among the general public. For all that, the writing of new architectural histories has been seldom undertaken in recent times. Instead, the hardy old works of recognised authorities have been remodelled, amplified and brought up to date. Heathcote Statham's great history, for example, has been lately and capably revised by Mr. Hugh Braun. Successive editions of *The Architecture of Greece and Rome* by Anderson and Spiers have provided a foundation for William Bell Dinsmoor's very distinguished and scholarly studies. Sir Banister Fletcher's invaluable *vade-mecum* has been issued again and again; indeed, it is difficult to imagine that it will ever go out of print. And now, thanks to Dr. Plommer's notable and comprehensive revision, at least the first volume of Simpson's history will rejoin the company of great standard works.

F. W. WENTWORTH-SHEILDS

Simpson's History of Architectural Development : Volume I. Ancient and Classical Architecture. By Hugh Plommer. Longmans. 35s.

LIFE STORIES AND STUDIES

Life's Adventure, by Philip Gibbs (Angus & Robertson. 16s.). "An onlooker," as he describes himself, yet a distinguished journalist who has chronicled history. The most famous of war correspondents during 1914-1918 has mixed with kings and beggars and kept the common touch of simplicity and kindness. His is surely the least rancorous of memories.

Nero, by Gerard Walter (George Allen & Unwin. 25s.) and translated by Emma Craufurd. Criminal pathology delineated in a most readable and engrossing account of the personality and activities, private and public, of the victim

of heredity and environment.

- Men Against the Frozen North*, by Ritchie Calder (George Allen & Unwin. 16s.). Life with the skilled and intelligent Eskimos, while surveying the possibilities of an inhospitable region becoming a habitable one. Journalistic flair combined with cheerfulness, graphic pictures rivalled by their own captions, a record of persistence in face of hardship aided by "Calder's luck," give a gloss to the success of the 40,000-mile journey at the top of the world, and impel a reading as swift and absorbed as the narrative style.
- Israel Zangwill*, by Joseph Leftwich (James Clarke & Co. 21s.). All who have laughed at *The King of Schnorrers*, and been amazed too by the vitality and wisdom of the book, will enjoy learning more about its author, one of Anglo-Jewry's brilliant and humanitarian sons.
- A Victorian Canvas* (Geoffrey Bles. 25s.). The memories of W. P. Frith, R.A., in three ramblingly conversational volumes, reduced by the discriminating editing of Nevile Wallis, and enriched by 19 illustrations of the artist who produced "Derby Day" and "The Railway Station."
- Diderot*, by Arthur M. Wilson (Oxford University Press. 63s.). The testing years 1713-1759 of the editor of the *Encyclopédie* which was to play "an extremely important part as one of the disposing causes of the French Revolution."
- Till I End My Song*, by Robert Gibbings (Dent. 25s.), whose wood engravings accompany it with all his usual strength and grace. The book is in essence the biography of that stretch of "sweet Thames running softly" near his Berkshire village home.
- Portrait of a Rebel*, by Richard Aldington (Evans. 21s.). The life and work of Robert Louis Stevenson told anew, analytically but without diminishing the fascination, the romance, the sense of destiny, that clings about the boyhood in Scotland and death in Samoa.
- The Saint Simonians Mill and Carlyle*, by Richard Pankhurst (Sidgwick & Jackson. 21s.). An unwieldy title for a succinct account of the sway of the French Count de Saint Simon, whose disciples examined British industrialism, preached emancipation for woman and working-class and, in Mill's words, "sowed the seeds of nearly all the Socialist tendencies" that have borne fruit today.
- Way to Glory*, by J. C. Pollock (John Murray. 25s.). The career of Havelock of Lucknow, man of the hour during the Indian mutiny, who read his Bible every morning. Maps and photographs chart the material and spiritual progress of the disgruntled young man who grew into an English symbol of the Christian hero, and whose death centenary falls this year.
- The Wells of Ibn Sa'ud*, by D. van der Meulen (John Murray. 25s.). The Dutch diplomat and administrator writes of his travels and explorations in Arabia. The book centres in the emergence of the bitter-sweet victories of the desert ruler and oil Croesus, and of the American impact on primitive living.
- The Sea Dreamer*, by Gérard Gene-Aubry (George Allen & Unwin. 25s.) and translated by Helen Sebba. "A Definitive Biography" of Joseph Conrad, long in the making and publishing, but in time for the birth centenary of the enigmatic Polish exile who sailed the oceans and evolved into the celebrated novelist and master of careful English.
- Undiscovered Ends*, by J. S. Poole (Cassell. 18s.). A teenage prisoner of war after the slaughter in 1915 at Ypres who made his escape and was seconded to the R.F.C., Major Poole, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.M., has not lacked for adventures since. Insurance, ranching in Rhodesia, a spell in the Sudan Political Service preceded another war and another imprisonment by the Germans. Illness and convalescence have now steered him into the comparative calm of an old-established firm of bookmakers.

BOOKS ON THE TABLE

"But don't believe in anything that can't be told in coloured pictures" sang Chesterton, and when a strip of them 230 ft. long, embroidered in the eleventh century on coarse linen with woollen thread, tells of Harold of England and his conqueror at Hastings, we are bound to take them seriously indeed. To aid, interpret and provide for detailed and prolonged study, such a volume as *THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY* (Phaidon Press, 47s. 6d.) has come at last. Under the general and distinguished editorship of Sir Frank Stenton, who writes of "The Historical Background," a devoted and scholarly team have contributed their expert knowledge of style and design, technique and production, arms and armour, costumes and inscriptions. Based on new photographs, the dozens of plates—including 14 in colour—are subjected to a comprehensive section of "Notes" by Charles H. Gibbs-Smith in which all is made plain and graphic for modern eyes. To the events that have so grooved a course in the western story, and to the inspired Anglo-Saxon fingers that plied the needle, this lustrous book is biographer and tribute. Stout to withstand much handling, it has also the allure of beautiful production; itself and its theme are conducive to daydreams.

A tale that is told

More daydreaming has accompanied the reading of *LOST CITIES* (Robert Hale, 18s.) with the connivance of its author Leonard Cottrell, who says it is "frankly escapist, except that all the cities it describes actually existed, and most can still be seen." He omits awe-inspiring Mycenae, for example, because other works of his have described it, but includes Pompeii, whose spell familiar though it is can never be broken. And before he reaches out to Mexico, Peru and Ceylon he has shown us Nineveh and Ur, Babylon and the forgotten nerve-centre of the Hittite empire. The streets are re-peopled, the splendours re-created, and our homage to the zeal of explorers and the patient skill of archaeologists is intensified as we join our fascinated scrutiny to Mr.

Cottrell's own. His 40 illustrations, whether of stone writing-tablet or of Mayan dwelling, of bronze dancing girl or the standing Buddha, of sphinx or winged bull or human-headed lion, are chosen to match his criterion of "wonder."

Holy ground

Caesarea and Haifa, Elath and Jerusalem, Ashkelon and Nazareth are some of the wonders of antiquity surveyed by Elizabeth Hamilton in a journey to Israel and Jordan which she records in *PUT OFF THY SHOES* (André Deutsch, 16s.). From the city set on a hill to the one that is rose-red, she takes a pilgrim's way. But eyes that see Acre as an Arabian Nights fantasy and Matthew seated at a toll-post in Capernaum, are turned too upon the community life of the *kibbutz*, on the products of the camel in milk, flesh and hair, and on Jericho's refugee camp. As a devout Catholic she brings her gentleness and sympathy to the understanding of Judaism and Islam and only gets cross when she overhears a hint of the incongruity in the Church of the Nativity. Her book is a good companion in reserve for one who has yet to enter by the Damascus gate.

Pompons on their sandals

Across the world the sorcerer is at work, naked warriors speed their poisoned arrows, brides have their price, and polygamy is respectable. The region is the Guarija peninsula of South America, whose shores are washed by the warm Caribbean, and the inhabitants are *INDIANS ON HORSEBACK* (Dennis Dobson, 25s.). Gustaf Bolinder, the Swedish anthropologist, has lived among them, and has watched their development as they make increasing contacts with white civilization. Fierce, independent and led by powerful chiefs, they are the only mounted nomads among the natives of the continent. Splitting of the clans has occurred, and Catholic marriages cause confusion, but "the Gaurijo still retain their language, customs and, on the whole, organization" and the author has no doubt of their ultimate survival.

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"Associate yourselves, O ye
people, and ye shall be broken in
pieces;

"Take counsel together, and it
shall come to nought; speak the
word, and it shall not stand:

"LET GOD BE YOUR FEAR,
AND LET GOD BE YOUR
DREAD."

(Isaiah viii.)

*"And it shall come to pass,
that WHOSOEVER shall
CALL on the name of the
LORD shall be delivered."*

(Joel ii. 32.)

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